

FIFTY CENTS

JULY 28, 1967

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE EMBATTLED CITIES



URBANOLOGIST
PAT MOYNIHAN

VOL. 90 NO. 4

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, July 27

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Dean Martin plays it straight in Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic* (1963), also featuring Geraldine Page, Wendy Hiller, Gene Tierney and Yvette Mimieux.

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The Mamas and The Papas, Dionne Warwick, Simon and Garfunkel, Johnny Mercer and Burt Bacharach get together in "The song-makers," explaining how they test—and play to—the public's ever-changing taste. Repeat.

Friday, July 28

THE AVENGERS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). John Steed and Emma Peel in the jungles of London on the trail of some crooked cats.

Saturday, July 29

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Highlights of the swimming and track-and-field events at the Pan American games, live from Winnipeg, Canada.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:30 p.m.). *The Ugly American* (1963), with Marlon Brando acting the part in Southeast Asia.

ABC NEWS SCOPE (10:30-11 p.m.). "This Is Saigon," the sights, sounds and strategic value of one of the world's most crowded—and dangerous—cities.

Sunday, July 30

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). "La Belle Epoque: The Boyhood Photos of J. H. Lartigue," the famous French photographer whose pictures chronicle the peaceful period before World War I.

DISCOVERY '67 (ABC, 11:30 a.m. to noon). A searching study of aviation yesterday, today and in the sky-cluttered future, topped by a ride in the cockpit of a Boeing 727 jetliner.

NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER (CBS, 2:30-4:30 p.m.). The Atlanta Chiefs v. the Philadelphia Spartans, at Temple University Stadium in Philadelphia.

SPORTSMAN'S HOLIDAY (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). The fishiest of stories: salmon in New Brunswick, Canada; sawfish in Central America's Lake Nicaragua; ice fishing in New York State.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Autos, Autos, Everywhere" explores what's new in the world of automobiles and what the auto of tomorrow might look like. Repeat.

Monday, July 31

NBC NEWS SPECIAL (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). "Khrushchev in Exile—His Opinions and Revelations Today," produced by a special NBC team, features the first full-length interview since the downfall of the Russian leader in 1964. Repeat.

Tuesday, August 1

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Tenement" focuses on nine families living in impoverished existence in a predominantly Negro slum neighborhood isolated from mainstream Chicago. Repeat.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). *The Victorians: Still Waters Run Deep*. It's
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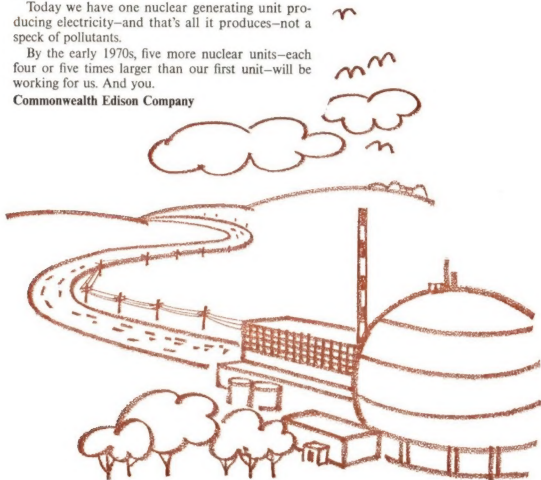
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young John Mildmay, not the loud-talking Captain Hawksley, who shows his mettle during a petticoat crisis in this drawing-room comedy.

THEATER

Some proven Broadway crowd pleasers for the vacationers flocking into New York, drawn by the city's social and cultural features:

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING is a comedy hit by Robert Anderson (*Tea and Sympathy*) that deals with a common human preoccupation—sex. In four playlets, Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard make faces at sex, or shed tears over it, spoof it or sneer at it. The audience, for the most part, just laughs at it.

THE HOMECOMING is the winner of the Tony Award and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award as the Best Play of the Year. Harold Pinter's latest drama is characteristically spare, laconic and mysterious as it examines a family reunion more sadistic than sentimental.

BLACK COMEDY is the better half of two one-acters by British Playwright Peter Shaffer, provoking laughter by the sight of characters pretending that they are in the dark in a sculptor's studio when the lights blow out. The curtain raiser, *White Lies*, evokes only boredom.

CABARET, voted the Tony and Drama Critics' Circle awards as Best Musical, mounts a molehill of a book on a mountain of a production. Joel Grey is pluperfect as the degenerate M.C. of the Kit Kat Klub in the degenerating Berlin of the 1930s.

DON'T DRINK THE WATER is a series of fast gag lines and chuckles by Comedian Woody Allen, flimsily framed on the misadventures of an American family behind the Iron Curtain.

HALLELUJAH, BABY is nothing, baby, except a vehicle for Singer Leslie Uggams to show her wares and wiles.

I DO! I DO! Mary Martin and Robert Preston are a team de force and the main attraction of this musical version of *The Fourposter*.

THE APPLE TREE is a musical potpourri. Mike Nichols directs and Barbara Harris stars in three playlets based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank Stockton and Jules Feiffer.

ILLYA, DARLING brings Melina Mercouri to Broadway to re-create the role of the Piraeus prostitute of *Never On Sunday*. Big, brassy and sometimes boring.

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL is Doc Simon's latest and least amusing comedy. Tony Perkins and Paul Sand play professional kooks whose male stronghold is upset by a determined square (Sheilah Wells).

Holdovers from last season include smash musicals—*Fiddler on the Roof*, *Hello, Dolly!*, *Mame*, and *Man of La Mancha*—plus one comedy, the Gallic sex farce, *Cactus Flower*.

MUSIC

In the U.S., as in Europe, music festivals have become summertime Pied Pipers, luring willing audiences to performances of major orchestras and leading artists in the informal ambience of tents and sheds, far from metropolitan areas.

MARLBORO MUSIC FESTIVAL, Vt., under the direction of Pianist Rudolf Serkin, presents weekend programs of chamber music until Aug. 20. Pianist Ruth Laredo and Violinist Jaime Laredo, Pianist Marilyn

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Neeley and Composer-Pianist Leon Kirchner are among the performers.

DARTMOUTH CONGREGATION OF THE ARTS, Hanover, N.H., offers symphony concerts Sunday evenings and chamber ensemble concerts Wednesday evenings. A final concert will be given Saturday, Aug. 19. German Composer Hans Werner Henze will lecture and conduct until July 30; Aaron Copland will be on hand Aug. 7-19.

TANGLEWOOD, Lenox, Mass. On Aug. 5, Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra in *Fidelio* (1805 score), Beethoven's only opera, with German Soprano Hanne-Lore Kulow singing the lead. The Boston Pops performs Aug. 8; Aug. 17 is "Tanglewood on Parade," with vocal, orchestral and chamber-music concerts by members of the Berkshire Music Center. Verdi's *Requiem* will be given Aug. 19. Chamber-music concerts are on Tuesdays through Aug. 15.

METROPOLITAN OPERA, at Newport, R.I. The Verdi Festival opens Aug. 17 with *Macbeth*, starring Soprano Grace Bumbry. *Rigoletto* with Roberta Peters, *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore* with Gabriella Tucci, *I Vespri Siciliani*, *Otello*, starring Renata Tebaldi, and *Aida* are scheduled between Aug. 18 and 26.

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Eugene Ormandy's Philadelphia Orchestra has scheduled sixteen concerts from Aug. 3 through Aug. 27. Guest conductors include Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, Charles Munch, Lorin Maazel, Seiji Ozawa, and Julius Rudel. Pianist Van Cliburn and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir are among the performers.

FLORIDA INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, Daytona Beach. Conductors Istvan Kertesz, Jascha Horenstein and Szymon Goldberg lead the London Symphony Orchestra; guest stars include Pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy and Singer Judith Raskin. Until Aug. 6.

SANTA FE OPERA FESTIVAL, N. Mex., has scheduled two American premieres, *Cardillac*, by Paul Hindemith, will be sung July 26 and 28, and Hans Werner Henze's *Boulevard Solitude* is scheduled for Aug. 2 and 4. *La Bohème*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Carmen*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Salome* will be sung Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays through Aug. 26.

ASPEN MUSIC FESTIVAL, Aspen, Colo. The Festival Orchestra, under the baton of Walter Susskind, performs weekends until Aug. 27. *The Marriage of Figaro* will be produced July 27, 29 and 30. Georges Bizet's *Le Docteur Miracle* and Humphrey Searle's *The Diary of a Madman* will be given Aug. 17 and 19. Among the guests: India's master of the sitar, Ravi Shankar, in a program of Indian raga music, Aug. 12.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL, Stratford, Ont. On July 30, the National Festival Orchestra will play Bach's *Partita in E Minor* and Rodrigo's *Guitar Concerto*. On Aug. 6, there will be chamber music, and on Aug. 18, Mstislav Rostropovich, Russian cellist. The Bach *Mass in B Minor* will conclude the program on Aug. 27.

CINEMA

DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE, Dick Van Dyke and Debbie Reynolds are brave enough to appear unattractive and unsympathetic as well as funny in this slick, cynical film about a marital split.

THE FAMILY WAY, From the raw material of a young couple (Hayley Mills,



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Hywel Bennett) unable to consummate their marriage, the producer-director team of Roy and John Boulting has fashioned a delicate comedy.

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE. The latest James Bond effort, with Sean Connery back in his harness, unfortunately comes to only 00634.

THE DIRTY DOZEN. This is the definitive enlisted man's picture of World War II, in which all officers are hypocritical or stupid, and only Lee Marvin is tough enough to win respect.

TO SIR, WITH LOVE. A British expedition into the blackboard jungle, with Sidney Poitier investing a fine and subtle warmth into the role of a starched teacher in a slum school.

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN. Walter Matthau creates a high triumph of taste in a difficult role that could easily have turned out merely leering and low down in this film about a husband bent on an adulterous bender.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. A happy transition to the screen of Neil Simon's comic Broadway hit with Original Cast Members Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick and the crafty addition of Jane Fonda.

BOOKS

Best Reading

OUR CROWD, by Stephen Birmingham. New York's great Jewish families—the Warburgs, Guggenheims, Strauses, Lehmanns, Goldmans, Loebes, to name a few—once maintained a social structure as exclusive in its way as Mrs. Astor's. Author

Birmingham renders an affectionate portrait of what he calls Manhattan's "other Society."

SIGNS AND WONDERS, by Françoise Mallet-Joris. Against a backdrop of Gaullist France near the end of the Algerian war, a writer plods his slow march to lunacy. In her sixth novel, Mlle. Mallet-Joris again demonstrates her ability to create worlds that readers accept instantly.

THE WOBBLES, by Patrick Renshaw. The Industrial Workers of the World lasted barely 50 years as a national movement, but a lively half-century it was. A British scholar chronicles the activities of the labor organization whose innovations included the sitdown strike and integrated locals.

SELECTED LETTERS OF DYLAN THOMAS, edited by Constantine FitzGibbon. This carefully culled selection of the tragic Welsh poet's letters painfully—and touchingly—shows that his great chronic fault was a reckless profligacy in practically everything he did.

A PRELUDE: LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE, by Edmund Wilson. Turning to autobiography after 51 years as critic, journalist, essayist, poet, playwright and novelist, Wilson draws entries from a journal begun in 1914. The result is a rich account juxtaposing his growth as a writer with the breakdown of his snug pre-war world.

SNOW WHITE, by Donald Barthelme. Translating the old story into the contemporary idiom, Barthelme goes wild with words. His amusingly refurbished novel of the absurd is as episodic and

pointless as a kaleidoscope, yet just as strangely affecting.

STORIES AND TEXTS FOR NOTHING, by Samuel Beckett. In 16 carefully wrought stories and bright fragments, Beckett restates his eternal theme—that the ravages of time are unending.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (2)
3. *The Plot*, Wallace (3)
4. *The Chosen*, Potok (4)
5. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (5)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (6)
7. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (7)
8. *Tales of Manhatton*, Auchincloss (8)
9. *The King of a Castle*, Holt (10)
10. *Fathers*, Gold

NONFICTION

1. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (4)
2. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (2)
3. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (1)
4. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (6)
5. *By-Line*: Ernest Hemingway, White, ed. (5)
6. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (10)
7. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (3)
8. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh
9. *Games People Play*, Berne (7)
10. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (8)



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LETTERS

Riots & Responsibilities

Sir: Once again the desperate lot of the Negroes and the conditions in which they live in Northern ghettos has caught a city by surprise [July 21]. This is all the more horrifying when we realize that the federal, state and local governments seem at a loss to know what to do. Congressional leaders seem more concerned with punishment of the rioters than in identifying and treating the causes that have been festering for years. Our country has become so involved with foreign affairs that the domestic problems, more immediate and potentially destructive, are receiving second-hand attention.

JAMES V. ASH

Manhattan

Sir: The TIME Cover does a disservice to Newark. By featuring Mr. Smith, you have increased a misfit's questionable fame. My children and the nation would have been more enlightened as to man's bravery, humor and humanity had you shown Fire Captain Moran or Patrolman Toto, who sacrificed their lives so that Newark citizens may live free of fear.

DR. AND MRS. R. A. VLATTEN

Newark

Sir: I wish to register a strong protest against the slant of your story. Your portrayal of the riot as baseless and unreasoned shows a lack of understanding of the problems the Negro community faces. The moral responsibility that is yours in working toward solution of these problems is great. The kind of slant you give is no help in finding an answer.

(THE REV.) DAVID T. NELSON

Bethel Lutheran Church
Chicago

Sir: It is surprising that you do not suggest a correlation between the riots and the much-discussed dissatisfactions of youth with the soullessness of a materialistic culture. I wonder if these riots are entirely the fruit of discrimination, if these Negroes are indeed those who dream of job and suburban serenity. It seems to me, rather, that the rioters share the bored frustration and inarticulate revulsion against society that erupts in riots of young whites on vacation or in orgies of vandalism by elite young partygoers—or in the less sensational but more disturbing apathy of many of my fellow college students. The ghetto explosions differ because they have the continuing impetus of legitimate grievances inflamed by a popular movement and a war cry, but they

share the same "ungrateful" indifference and taunting arrogance. I do not defend rage or lawlessness, but I think such a link helps explain the bewilderment of older Negroes at their children's sabotage of the larger cause of civil rights.

CAMILLE A. PAGLIA

Syracuse, N.Y.

Pillars of Wisdom

Sir: Apropos of "Arabia Decepta: A People Self-Deluded" (July 14) is the poetic prose of T. E. Lawrence in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*:

"Arabs could be swung on an idea as on a cord . . . they were as unstable as water, and like water would perhaps finally prevail. Since the dawn of life, in successive waves they have been dashing themselves against the coasts of flesh. Each wave was broken, but, like the sea, wore away ever so little of the granite on which it failed, and some day, ages yet, might roll unchecked over the place where the material world had been, and God would move upon the face of those waters . . . The wash of that wave, thrown back by the resistance of vested things, will provide the matter of the following wave, when in the fullness of time the sea shall be raised once more."

Are not those "vested things" the oil and the arms, and are not those "coasts of flesh" the Israeli army?

ROBERT F. WERNLE

Crawfordsville, Ind.

Sir: Your Essay is a masterpiece of nonsense, apparently triggered by childish defeat at the Arabs' refusal to accept baflement. An equally childish solution of the riddle is offered: they are simply nuts, these Arabs! The fact is, these funny Arabs are the proud heirs of a formidable culture that once dominated the civilized world. That is why they refuse to tremble in abject terror before the Israeli bandits. They will go on fighting. If there is any "Decepta," it is America, which refuses to understand the Arabs' heroic determination not to bow to brute force.

A. S. ALI

Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

Sir: Hurray for TIME's Essay! It hurts, but most of it is true.

J. CHAO (AN ARAB)

Urdorf, Switzerland

Sir: You fail to mention the fundamental reason for the Arabs' refusal to "accept Israel's extended hand," i.e., the fact that

800,000 Arabs were dispossessed by the establishment of Israel. Instead, you raise a smoke screen of insult, speaking scornfully of arrested development, morbid eroticism, florid exaggeration, etc. Moreover, the Essay contains its own contradictions. Even after crediting the Arabs with important contributions to mathematics, chemistry and medicine, the writer notes that "missing in Arab science was any true sense of creativity." Many Arabs (one a Nobel laureate) hold professorships in American and European universities; they and hundreds of Arab graduate students are engaged in creative research. Imagine their dismay on reading your inhospitable words. This Essay can only widen the gulf of misunderstanding between the Mideast and the U.S.

STANLEY E. KERR

Emeritus Professor of Biochemistry
American University of Beirut
Princeton, N.J.

Sir: Your clear reporting and unbiased analysis of this very messy situation cannot help being of great benefit to everyone concerned. It should be compulsory reading for every U.N. delegate. It would thus light the way for all Mideast countries to assume their responsibilities to all human beings and to world peace.

SOL A. DANN

Detroit

Touching a Nurv

Sir: Super zap to TIME for dignifying hippiedom by making it the subject of a cover story. Your punch line particularly enraged me: Engaging? Engaging, rather! Are TIME's reporters working hippies?

The hippie movement is comparable to a temper tantrum. Peace, love and honesty, as motifs, are not original with the hippies. The hippie conception of Utopia is sentimentalized love, license in place of honesty, distortion of the arts and of ethics, replacement of the peace pipe by pot. You state that gentle treatment is accorded hippies by "people in authority." The reason for this just could be the tendency to take these people's exhibitionism as a serious movement, or to fear to be considered "straight." Why not be proud to be? Granted that materialism and other abuses abound in our society. Are the hippies not substituting others even more virulent, even anachronistic? How long can society sustain this group of parasites without itself crumbling?

PAULINE WOODARD

Nashville

Sir: We thoroughly enjoyed your story, but we find it rather hard to believe that no rock band ever used the name Diogenes and the Cynics. In fact, until we changed our name to the Optik Nurv, we were Diogenes and the Cynics.

BILL DOWNALL, JIM FOSTER

DENNY MOLL, TOM MOLL

Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Sir: Please accept my gentle, loving indication to you that your quasi-learned etymology of the word "hippie" completely misses the mark. When the words "hip" and "hipster" were real cool, there was also the word "hippie"; it referred to an unhip person trying to be hip but not really making it. I suggest that this can tell us something about today's hippies.

JAMES T. ANDERSON

New Delhi

Sir: Hippies are spoiled brats, scared, lazy, and unwilling to take their place in society. With all there is to be done in

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iors, Pensacola Open,
Oral Open, Florida Cl
us Open, Jacksonville
Open, Greater Green
boro Open, Tournament
of Champions, Dallas
Open, Texas Open, New



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

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this badly troubled world, why must there be such waste of talent? One can only hope that the novelty will wear off and that these nuts will get back into the scheme of things. To live in today's world has to be the most exciting, the most challenging and the most fun. Those poor kids don't know what they are missing.

JEAN FALCONI

Honesdale, Pa.

Sir: The June issue of the magazine *Seattle* offers a definition of the term hippie that conflicts with yours: "When opium smokers were getting their kicks, they used to lie down and smoke their pipes, throwing their weight on one hip. Thus, someone smoking opium was termed on the hip." Years later American jazz musicians took up the word, applying it indiscriminately to anyone on drugs. In the present-day vernacular, it suggests looking beyond the camouflage of everyday reality, usually with the help of LSD and pot, but not always."

LORNA CHURCHILL

Watertown, Mass.

No Stranger in Paradise

Sir: Your story on Tonga [July 14] reawakens for me many sparkling memories of a true South Sea island paradise. I spent nine months in Tonga in 1942 and 1943 with the U.S. Army's 7th Evacuation Hospital. Even after a quarter-century, your story evokes vivid recollections of a lush tropical island: of blue and gold days and black and silver nights beneath the Southern Cross; of a perfect climate; of the graceful tracery of waving palms in the soft trade winds silhouetted against a tropical moon or a luminous sea; of pure white surf crashing in over the coral reef; of the fabulous blowholes shooting mountains of glittering spray high into the air—a most unforgettable sight on a full-moonlit night; of a stately lady who was every inch a queen and got attention purely by her queenly bearing and grace; of a happy, intelligent, active, extraordinarily healthy people whose children could swim and ride horseback almost as soon as they could walk; and who could talk about Oliver Cromwell and Abraham Lincoln as well as any British or American schoolboy; and where there was no public welfare and no unemployment.

There are few places that come close to the climatic, economic, social and medical perfection Tonga enjoys. I wish for the king and his extremely fortunate subjects a continuation of the long life, happiness and prosperity that have always blessed their lucky land.

STANLEY D. YER NOOY

Bogota, N.J.

Young Fog-Piercer

Sir: Your report [July 14] on the discovery of the Norsemen's magical sunstone involves three one-field specialists: an anthropologist, an airline navigator and a crystallographer. It also mentions "a little child who led them"; the boy of ten who penetrated the mental fog that enshrouds and separates the searches of one-field specialists.

This research feat is as magical for our time as the Vikings' oceanic navigation was for theirs, and quite as important for us to understand. As a specialist in synthesis who has done this kind of navigation for years, I venture to guess that this boy's capacity to guide one-field specialists stems in large part from a close and affectionate relation with his father as a navigator not only of the sky

but of life as a whole. Am I correct in suggesting that this is the magical catalyst that permits a small boy to propose, and his father to follow the proposal, of interdisciplinary and intergenerational research of classic elegance?

EDWARD F. HASKELL

Council for Unified Research
and Education
Manhattan

Time, Please

Sir: You call Bulova Watch Company "the nation's biggest watch producer and importer" [June 16]. Wrong. With total 1966 sales of \$143 million against Bulova's \$123 million, we are.

J. LEHMKUHL
President

U. S. Time Corp.
Waterbury, Conn.

► Perhaps, but who could have guessed, since privately owned U.S. Time Corp. has heretofore kept its sales figures secret?

The Life We Lead

Sir: As one of the 90,000 homosexuals in metropolitan San Francisco, I look forward to the day when California will follow the lead of Great Britain and reform the laws dealing with our behavior [July 14]. The life we homosexuals lead is difficult enough because of prejudice and ignorance. The laws proscribing sexual conduct between consenting adults of the same sex create a paradise for blackmailers and an inferno for those of us who ask no more than to be accepted on our own merits.

THOMAS M. EDWARDS

San Francisco

Can You Beat That?

Sir: Apropos of "New Punctuation Mark" [July 21]: no doubt the interlarding fills the need of some writers, although I can usually make do with a simple exclamation point. More useful, I think, is the pronomark. The kind of sentence that demands the pronomark arises quite frequently. It looks like this: "May I ask you to print this in an early issue."

THEODORE M. BERNSTEIN

The New York Times
Manhattan

"Flash!"

Sir: Walter Winchall [June 23], whose Harvard classmates say he's a genius, can't be so smart. Can't even spell his name.


WALTER WINCHELL

Manhattan

Address Letters to the Editor to: TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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A black mailbox is suspended from a tree branch in a wooded area. The mailbox door is open, and text is printed on the inside of the door. The background is a soft-focus view of trees and a bright sky.

No news from
the family?
Why not call
Long Distance?
It's the next best
thing to
being there.



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 28, 1967

Vol. 90, No. 4

THE NATION

RACES

Spreading Fire

Even as the fury of Newark abated last week, other Negro ghettos flared like gunpowder dropped in a fire.

Fifteen miles to the southwest, a Negro mob in Plainfield, N.J., surrounded a white policeman and stomped him to death. Trouble erupted in nearby Elizabeth, New Brunswick, Jersey City and Englewood. Halfway across the nation, gangs of young Negroes in Cairo, Ill., hurled fire bombs and sniped sporadically for two nights, until Illinois Governor Otto Kerner ordered in 50 National Guard troops. Six hundred guardsmen were mobilized in Minneapolis, whose Negro population is only 2%, after two nights of rock throwing and arson. Gangs in Des Moines and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, lobbed rocks and vitriol at Whitey. In West Fresno, Calif., Negro rioters set fire to a lumberyard, spent three nights bombarding the community with rocks and Molotov cocktails. Durham, N.C., Erie, Pa., and Nyack, N.Y., were the scenes of racial eruptions.

Rots & Riots. With the summer less than half gone, nobody can predict where the fire will strike next time. "It can't be graphed," said Attorney General Ramsey Clark. "The conditions have existed over many years." Already in 1967, the flames have blistered some 30 cities—Omaha, Houston, Chicago,

Nashville, Jackson, Boston, Tampa, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Buffalo, Kansas City, Hartford, and any place else where a spark has chanced to touch the volatile emotions of the ghetto.

In the face of the rioting, Congress—reflecting a widespread feeling of resentment and fear among white Americans—showed little inclination to waste time on civil rights bills. A \$40 million program to help local communities exterminate rats—a serious problem in the slums—was pigeonholed in the House amid some hilarity (Iowa Republican H. R. Gross wanted to know if there would be a high commissioner for rats). At the same time, an anti-riot act that would impose up to five years' imprisonment and a \$10,000 fine on anyone who crosses state lines with the object of stirring up trouble zipped through the House by a 347-to-70 vote. "This bill," protested New York's Emanuel Celler, "will not allay but will rather arouse more deeply the Negro's anger and frustration."

While Newark swept its streets, assessed its losses (upwards of \$30 million) and buried its dead (24 Negroes, two whites), Plainfield bordered on anarchy. Ghetto spokesmen warned during a meeting with city officials that unless looters and minor offenders were released on their own recognizance, "we will tear this town apart." "Is that a threat?" asked one reporter. "This is no threat, baby," replied a Negro. "It's

a promise." Most minor offenders were duly sprung.

Two days later, the city of 48,500 (more than one-fourth Negro) nearly exploded anyway, when a force of 300 police and National Guardsmen rumbled into the 16-block riot area in a house-to-house search for 46 semi-automatic rifles that had been stolen from a nearby munitions plant. The searchers unearthed four weapons, and in the process left several houses a shambles.

Police-Negro tensions continued very high throughout the area. In Newark, police and National Guardsmen were accused of deliberately smashing windows of stores bearing the legend "Soul Brother"—a sign of Negro ownership. In one case, each letter of "soul" was stitched with bullets. Often, when snipers fired from rooftops or windows, lawmen responded by riddling the entire building with withering fusillades, despite commands to "know your target before firing." Mrs. Eloise Spellman, 41, mother of eleven, died when she stood up from her living room couch just as a police barrage began.

No Sheep. After a riot, complaints of "police brutality" are as inevitable as insurance claims. Often they are justified, for appallingly few U.S. cops are trained in riot control. In Newark, well-drilled state troopers took over in many places from the ineffective city police and National Guardsmen. During



ARREST IN MINNEAPOLIS
Threats of more to get their way.

BURNED-OUT PLANT IN ERIE

Cleveland's 1966 eruption, cops with inadequate training were alternately too lenient and too rough with the rampaging residents of Hough. New York's 28,000-man force, more than twice as big as any other in the nation, is also among the most thoroughly drilled in riot control. Commissioner Howard Leary was hired from Philadelphia after his men contained a potentially disastrous riot in 1964, with no deaths.

While Negroes blamed police for aggravating Newark's riot, the police blamed "outside agitators." Mayor Hugh Addonizio, for his part, blamed the absence of Negro leadership. "He assumes Negroes are sheep to be led by one man or one group," snapped Andrew Washington of the Newark-Essex

tin Luther King Jr. Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell, honorary co-chairman of the conference, decided to keep on fishing in Bimini. Conference leaders discouraged delegates from talking to reporters; one white newsman was pitched out of a ground-floor window and four others were roughed up when a gang of young Negro militants barged into a press conference screaming: "Get the Whitey press!"

Vindicating Violence. In Newark, the riot brought a spate of programs in its wake. The N.A.A.C.P. is launching a massive voter-registration drive, which could give the city, with a majority Negro population, a Negro mayor within a few years. (Some delegates to the black power conference did not want

CITIES

Light in the Frightening Corners

(See Cover)

Once a land of farms, fields, forests and neat white towns, the U.S. today is a nation of "metropolitan areas." Last year the Census Bureau listed 224 of them,* containing 70% of the U.S. population.

Through some cultural lag, Americans continue to speak of "the cities" in accents implying that they are something different and special. But the cities today are America, and "the problems of the cities" are pretty much synonymous with the problems of America. To be sure, there are vast physical and psychic differences between Manhattan and some of the leafy streets of its sister borough of Queens, and between Queens and Scarsdale, and between Scarsdale and Levittown, and between all of them and Duluth, Minn. But they are all "urban," and they must all contend with traffic jams, parking, pollution, shortages of hospitals, parks, police and even water, usually with inadequate schools and spreading slums, and always with taxes and America's weird tangle of municipal jurisdictions.

Just as most of the problems besetting Americans grow out of the conditions of city life, so do most of the things that make the U.S. tick. Fully 90% of the gross national product comes out of the cities; most of America's ideas are thought up in the cities, most of the culture is centered there. Yet in a summer of racial wrath that has already shaken dozens of American cities, the problems of urban life suddenly seem all but insuperable.

Many Hats. "All the things we've tried to help the cities with aren't working out very well, are they?" asks Daniel Patrick Moynihan, 40, a former Assistant Secretary of Labor and currently the most controversial of urban-affairs analysts. The question may sound over jaunty, but in fact it reflects the chief preoccupation of Pat Moynihan's life and the central domestic issue, one that is increasingly engaging the nation's intellectual community.

Across the country, more and more universities are setting up centers for urban studies. Founded in 1959, the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center for Urban Studies, which Moynihan heads, is the most creative of the nation's new centers. At Harvard, a course in urban problems that was introduced only in 1964 is now among the top three in popularity among undergraduates. At Chicago, graduate students, who once

* Defined as "center cities," each "with a population of at least 50,000, plus that of its adjacent suburbs," the nation's metropolitan areas house 140 million Americans in less than a tenth of the country's acreage.

There are others at Columbia, New York and Boston Universities, Northwestern, the Universities of Chicago and Illinois, two branches of the University of California, and San Francisco State Yale and U.S.C. are planning to establish centers.



DELEGATES TO BLACK POWER CONFERENCE IN NEWARK
Whitey just thinks he knows the leaders—there aren't any.

Congress of Racial Equality. Another Negro, one of some 900 who assembled in Newark for a conference on black power, told the New York Times: "There was only one man who could have walked on Springfield Avenue and said, 'Brothers, cool it.' That was Malcolm X. We have no such leaders now. Whitey doesn't understand this. Some little Negro pork chop preacher who is hustling pot and girls in a storefront church goes to city hall and gets all sorts of promises. That's not grass-roots leadership, but Whitey thinks he's dealing with responsible Negroes."

The assembled leaders of black power couldn't have sounded responsible to Whitey—and they couldn't have cared less. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee's H. Rap Brown urged Negroes to "wage guerrilla war on the honkie white man," added: "I love violence." Los Angeles Black Nationalist Ron Karenga remarked at the opening session: "Everybody knows Whitey's a devil. The question is what to do about it." Notably absent were the N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins, the National Urban League's Whitney Young Jr., and Mar-

tin Luther King Jr. Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell, honorary co-chairman of the conference, decided to keep on fishing in Bimini. Conference leaders discouraged delegates from talking to reporters; one white newsman was pitched out of a ground-floor window and four others were roughed up when a gang of young Negro militants barged into a press conference screaming: "Get the Whitey press!"

The trouble with such post-riot programs, of course, is that they seem to vindicate violence. "After a riot, it's difficult to know what to do," observes Harvard Sociologist Thomas Pettigrew. "If you go in immediately and do everything you haven't done for 50 years, you are rewarding the riot. If you do nothing, you are inviting another riot."

In Cairo, one Negro warned Sheriff Chesley Willis that if his demands were not met within 72 hours, the town "will go up in flames." Replied Willis: "If that happens, you'll find out how many white extremists there are here."

Seated at left: Ron Karenga; standing third from right: James Farmer; standing at far right: Rap Brown.

showed little interest in slum problems, are becoming urban specialists by studying the pathology of urban life.

In the process, a new scientific diagnostician has been born. Not just a city planner, not just an educator, not just a politician, he is some of each—and something more. The “urbanologist” aspires to be a student of the entire city, an ecumenist of the metropolis, whose concerns go beyond brick and mortar to budgets and laws, souls and sensibilities. Just as the word urbanology is a cross between Latin and Greek, the science—or is it an art?—is a mélange of many disciplines.

Moynihan himself is a historian by training (Ph.D., Tufts, '61), sociologist by bent, politician by inclination, and intellectual gadfly by design. He stirred a furor that has not yet subsided with a 1965 report on the disintegration of the Negro family. When he turned 40 last March, his Cambridge staff placed an array of hats on his desk with the note: “To the only man we know who could wear them all so well.”

New Keys. In seeking solutions for the embattled cities, the urbanologists would agree with Architect Philip Johnson that “there is no little key that opens all the doors.” In city after city, coping with problem upon problem, they have, however, forged a few new keys and opened some important doors.

Baltimore and Hartford, Conn., include in their city-planning organizations not only the engineers and architects of old, but sociologists and architectural historians as well. New Haven, Conn., under the farsighted command of Mayor Richard C. Lee, has learned heavily on the ideas of top urbanologists to organize community schools, revitalize a dying downtown area and yet preserve as much as possible of the old neighborhoods' historical character. Detroit, under Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh, has created a “Human Resources Development” program, budgeted at \$27 million this year, to provide adult and youth employment centers, medical clinics, neighborhood youth corps, and to aid small-business development in poor areas.

Skin-Close. The solution that is most urgently needed has so far eluded everybody, and until it is found, the cities will teeter on the brink of violence. That alchemical formula, of course, is the one that would transmute the ghettoes from hostile enclaves—impoverished, ugly, seething with resentment—into integral, integrated parts of the cities. “For the present,” says James Q. Wilson, Moynihan's predecessor at the Joint Center and now his right-hand man, “the urban Negro is, in a fundamental sense, the urban problem.”

The nation's 22 million Negroes constitute only 11% of the U.S. population—but make up something like 20% of the inner cities. Between 1950 and 1966, some 5,200,000 of them, most from the rural South, moved to the cities. Today, 63% of Washington's population is Negro, followed by New-

ark (55%), Baltimore (41%), St. Louis (37%), and Philadelphia and Chicago (30% each). For the great mass of these Negroes, poverty or near poverty seems as much a part of their condition as the color of their skin.

The Negro Family. It is a problem that deeply fascinates the author of the still controversial “Moynihan Report” on the Negro family. Reading the Washington Post one day in 1963, Moynihan, then special assistant to the Secretary of Labor, was drawn to a three-inch story: 50% of the young men who had recently been called for armed forces preinduction tests had failed either the physical or mental examinations. Moynihan decided to follow the well-known statistic to its source.

Burrowing through masses of data, he isolated one factor—family back-

ground. Many of the stories emphasized the report's sensational findings about the family, often overlooking Moynihan's analysis of the causes, notably centuries of discrimination and economic deprivation.

When the full report was released, many Negro leaders and white liberals were primed to pounce on it as an attack on the Negro family itself. Among other things, Moynihan was called a racist and accused of having given encouragement to segregationists. By the time a White House planning session on Negro problems convened in November, both Moynihan and his report were anathema. “There is a certain kind of decent liberal mind,” he reflected later, “which feels any criticism of liberal programs is illiberal, because everything is so precarious that any criticism is just going to



MOYNIHAN (CENTER) AT LUNCH SEMINAR WITH HARVARD M.I.T. STAFF
Salvation in the Jersey meadows or a prison in Sherwood Forest.

ground—linking poverty and poor performance on the induction tests. Central to both was the Negro. Fewer than half of all Negroes reached the age of 18 having lived all of their lives with both parents; 21% of Negro families were fatherless; at least 25%, and maybe as many as 40%, of Negro children were illegitimate.

Journalists, clergymen and social workers had said some of the same things before, but never under the federal imprimatur. In the circumstances, the conclusions were shattering. Said the report: “The evidence—not final, but powerfully persuasive—is that the Negro family in the urban ghettos is crumbling. For vast numbers, the fabric of conventional social relationships has all but disintegrated.”

Decent Liberal. Some eloquent and sympathetic passages from the report that were incorporated into President Johnson's famous Howard University address in June 1965, won universal applause. But in the weeks that followed, civil rights leaders became increasingly disturbed by blunter items from the report that leaked into newspapers and

give the enemy ammunition. That's not the way to make things work. We have to call things as we see them.”

A Girl Like Diahann. Moynihan does that with a vehemence and a candor that earn him enemies. Like the 19th century Irish immigrants, he says, “the harsh fact is that as a group, at the present time,” America's Negroes “are not equal to most of those groups with which they will be competing. Eventually, the Irish closed that gap, and Moynihan has no doubt that the Negroes will too. But they need help.”

One major key, of course, is education, and Moynihan endorses any program that will improve schooling for Negroes—whether by means of bussing, where it is politically or physically feasible, or where it is not, by “compensatory education” that upgrades ghetto schools.

A political realist, Moynihan realizes that genuine integration in many Northern schools is a long way off. That realization is reflected in the U.S. Office of Education's Coleman Report. “The report shows that in educational achievement, mixing helps the lower



MOYNIHAN AT HOME WITH FAMILY

He knows that Paddy and Sambo are really the same.

class, but does not help the middle class," notes Moynihan. "If we are going to persuade these [white, middle-class] parents to act differently, we will have to give them a powerful incentive." Like most sociologists, Moynihan feels that young Negro boys suffer from overexposure to women—in schools as well as fatherless homes. A firm believer in military training as a spur to self-discipline, he says: "When these Negro G.I.s come back from Viet Nam, I would meet them with a real estate agent, a girl who looks like Diannah Carroll, and a list of jobs. I'd try to get half of them into the grade schools, teaching kids who've never had anyone but women telling them what to do."

But education is only one phase of the self-perpetuating cycle that entraps the Negro—a low-paying job, or none at all, leading to housing in a slum, leading to a segregated, second-rate school, leading back to an inferior job. The basic way to break the vicious circle, thinks Moynihan, is with money. "Beel up the family income," he says, "and everything else will follow in its train." Moynihan proposes two measures. The Federal Government, he says, should guarantee jobs by becoming the "employer of last resort" any time the national unemployment rate is above 3%. Merely putting the Post Office back on two residential deliveries a day, he points out, would give jobs to 50,000 men, while hundreds of thousands more could be usefully employed in providing such public services as work in hospitals or street and building repair. The cost, at the current rate of unemployment (4%), would be about \$1 billion a year and, to Moynihan, well worth it. "The biggest single experience anyone has," he says, "is working."

Family Allowances. His second solution to the plight of the urban poor is to give allowances to families with children. "We are the only industrial democracy in the world," he told a Sen-

ate subcommittee last winter, "that does not have a family or children's allowance. And we are the only industrial democracy in the world whose streets are filled with rioters each summer."

Moynihan's plan is patterned after the 23-year-old Canadian allowance, based on the age of the child. He suggests something like \$8 a month for each child under six, \$12 a month for children between six and 17. For a family of four, this would mean a raise of about \$40 a month, or roughly \$500 a year. Small as the sum is, he says, it should be enough to "sharply reduce the number of Negro families living in poverty." Cost: about \$9 billion a year, at least part of which would be offset by reduced welfare costs.

For the city, says Moynihan, the most important benefit from the plan would be a vast expansion of the "working class" and the elimination of what he calls the "lower class." The difference is not merely dollars and cents, but an attitude toward life. "In the lower class," he explains, "they don't take care of property; in the working class, they do. In the lower class, the men don't work; in the working class, they're trying to get overtime. It's the difference between the rioter and the cop."

Hard Up. Pat Moynihan was never likely to become a rioter (though at 6 ft. 5 in. and 195 lbs., he would make a colorful one), but he knows all too well the effects of both poverty and a broken home. Son of a newspaperman with an Irish love of talk, travel and spirits, Pat was born in Tulsa, Okla. When the boy was eleven, his father walked out of the house for good, Pat never saw him again. Next stop: a cold-water flat in East Harlem, followed by similar apartments on the upper West Side, Hell's Kitchen and other hard-up neighborhoods in Manhattan.

From left: Maura, 10; Elizabeth Moynihan; Tim, 11; John, 7, holding Whiskey the terrier.

Pat staked out a shoeshine stand on the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street, learned the art of "hustling" newspapers with his brother Mike. Considerably smaller, Mike would carry a stack of papers into a bar. Big, red-faced Pat would appear, throw the papers on the floor and order Mike never to come into "his" territory again. The bully would then hustle off on other business, leaving Mike behind to sell out his stack to sympathetic customers.

Still in high school, Pat became a longshoreman. A high school friend met him in a bar near the docks one day, mentioned that the City College of New York was giving entrance exams. His stevedore's hook in his pocket, Pat sauntered over just to see how he would do. He did well, started college. The Navy's V-12 program during World War II sent him later to Middlebury, in Vermont, for a year and then, finally, to Tufts University, outside Boston. Though the war ended before he won his commission, Pat spent a year as a seagoing communications officer on the U.S.S. *Quinn*, a transport named for the Roman god of war, returned to a brief but thoroughly educational summer helping his mother and Mike tend bar at Moynihan's on New York's wild West 42nd Street, then won a Fulbright Scholarship and packed off to the London School of Economics.

A Taste for the Best. There, during his off-hours, he attended Labor Party meetings, went to dinners at the home of Howard K. Smith of CBS, and brushed elbows with British political figures. Along the way, he developed a taste for the best cheeses, vintage wines and well-cut clothes. A Savile Row tailor makes his suits to this day.

In 1953, he entered New York Democratic politics as an aide to Robert Wagner and Averell Harriman. Later, working in the Governor's office as a liaison man in various areas of "the Irish vote," he met another Harriman aide, pretty Elizabeth Brennan. "You," he informed her after one long and noisy party, "are going to marry me." And about two months later, she did. They now have three talented children: Timothy Patrick, 11 (who draws cartoons), Maura Russell, 10 (who writes poetry), John McCloskey, 7 (who designs family Christmas cards), and a wire-haired fox terrier named Whiskey.

Slow & Painful. A regular contributor to magazines—one of his articles was a major critique of automobile safety, which inspired one of his Labor Department co-workers, Ralph Nader—Moynihan wrote a piece on Democratic politics that attracted Sociologist Nathan Glazer, who asked him to write a chapter on the Irish for a book on New York's ethnic groups. *Beyond the Melting Pot.* With the same careful eye that he was later to focus on the Negro family, Moynihan surveyed his own brethren, and found that Irish progress in America by most standards has been slow and painful. "Paddy and Sambo are the same people," says Moynihan

—both from rural, unschooled backgrounds, both shattered by urban experiences, both falling into patterns of drink and violence.

Moynihan worked in the Kennedy campaign of 1960, and J.F.K. rewarded him by making him, at 34, the youngest sub-Cabinet member in Washington. He stayed through two Secretaries of Labor and even into the Johnson Administration. Shortly after the President's Howard University speech, Moynihan went back to New York to run for the city council presidency. Bobby Kennedy had some part in persuading him to make the run, though the two have never been close friends: Moynihan feels he should be as critical of Kennedy as he can be within the framework of their similar ideological positions. "I didn't have much to lose," says Moynihan of his only try for elective office. "It was like a 52 bet at the races." He lost the bet—Queens District Attorney Frank O'Connor defeated him handily. The day after the election, the telephone rang: the M.I.T.-Harvard Joint Center asked him to be director. Moynihan decided to spend a quieter year first, took a fellowship at Wesleyan (in Connecticut), then accepted the center's offer.

Ouija-Board Sociology. "From his position at the key institution on urban affairs," says a top Administration urbanologist, Moynihan "has the greatest broker position in the world." Moynihan, to be sure, is not universally admired, nor are his ideas. Some critics, like the Rev. Henry Browne, a Catholic priest on Manhattan's upper West Side, accuse him of practicing "Ouija-board sociology," while a friend from the London days, Broadcaster Paul Niven, notes that he has a "natural instinct for self-publicity." Yet few have articulated the urban crisis so well, and

few have put forth so many thoughtful, or at least ingenious, remedies. Among the other top urbanologists:

► **Mitchell Sviridoff**, 48, head of New York City's Human Resources Administration, is attempting to bring all of the city's "human" programs together in one coherent plan. On the theory that welfare recipients will cheat no more than ordinary taxpayers, 300 welfare families have been allowed to receive money on their own signed certificates of need, without the extensive and costly bureaucratic checks normally required. When welfare recipients go to work, many cities dock their welfare payments by the amount of their earnings, thus destroying the incentive to work. New York plans to allow welfare recipients to keep the first \$85 of earnings, 30% of the remainder. Sviridoff suggests a thorough reorganization of the educational set-up that would break huge city school systems (New York, for example, currently enrolls 1,100,000 students) into "small, more manageable units" of 10,000 to 20,000 children each.

► **Philip Hauser**, 57, a sociologist at the University of Chicago's Center for Urban Studies, the second most important urban research center in the country, advocates a federal "Human Renewal Administration." "All of the welfare and educational provisions today," he declares, "are only a Band-Aid on a gaping, massive wound. Should the present trends continue, we can expect guerrilla warfare on a scale terrible to contemplate." Hauser contends that a great deal of effort is being dissipated. "What is the point of putting children in a Head Start program," he asks, "and then into a conventional school system not designed to build on what he acquired?"

► **Edward Logue**, 46, of the Boston Re-



CHICAGO SPLASH PARTY

Powerful evidence, shattering conclusions.

development Authority, is both the most persuasive defender of urban renewal and the chief mover behind several of its successes. In New Haven's Wooster Square and Court Street projects, he proved that old neighborhoods can be rehabilitated, thus helping to end the indiscriminate razing that had hitherto prevailed. He applied his New Haven techniques to the "new Boston," as the Federal Government gave "more dough, less advice." Logue would also decentralize city government so that neighborhoods could make many local decisions.

► **Paul Ylvisaker**, 45, New Jersey's commissioner of community affairs, was busy last week trying to repair the damage wrought by the Newark and Plainfield riots—and ran into jeers of "Com-



NEW JERSEY'S YLVISAKER



CHICAGO'S HAUSER



NEW YORK'S SVIRIDOFF



BOSTON'S LOGUE

Something of an educator, a planner, a politician—and something more.

munist!" and "Nigger lover!" from some Northern rednecks when he restrained National Guardsmen from tearing apart one neighborhood in a search for arms. As a Ford Foundation director for twelve years, he distributed more than \$200 million to city and state governments. Now, on the other end, he is attempting to show that states can play a vital role in uniting cities and suburbs. To take care of its growing urban population, the U.S., he says, must build the equivalent of "100 Cleverlands" by the end of the century. Instead of merely placing ever wider suburban circles around present cities, he would build new cities. Not only would they take care of expanding population, they would also ease pressure on the ghettos. The ghettos grow by 500,000 Negroes a year, thanks to their high birth rate and migration from the South—which continues at much the same level as in the late 1940s and 1950s, despite the well-publicized difficulties of Northern-city Negro life. And the suburbs now absorb only about 40,000 Negroes a year nationwide. "If we don't change this," says Ylvisaker, "our major cities in 15 years will be predominantly Negro. The cities may well become a kind of Sherwood Forest, a prison for the people who live in them and a dangerous place for outsiders."

All of the urbanologists agree that one of the most important ways of saving the cities is simply to have more cities. Ylvisaker has proposed that New Jersey create a city of 300,000 out of a vast, 21,300-acre swamp across the Hudson River from Manhattan—a "1VA in the meadows"—and has his eye on other undeveloped areas.

The U.S. has no overall "new towns" policy. While about 300 planned communities are now under way across the country, most are merely glorified housing developments. Only three—Reston, Va., Columbia, Md., and Irvine, Calif.—are nationally recognized as new towns. Because they must show a profit, however, even these will not be able

to soak up more than a handful of low-income people. Without eminent domain and the resources of a government, the obstacles to building a new city are enormous. To acquire land for Columbia without driving prices to the sky, for example, developers had to use all kinds of cloak-and-dagger techniques in making 169 separate purchases.

Another means of relieving congestion in the big cities is to establish alternate points of concentration in nearby existing cities. One plan, originated by Greek Planner Constantinos Doxiadis, recommends that Port Huron, Mich., a Great Lakes town of 38,000 people, 55 miles from Detroit, be developed as an alternate magnet, to draw business and population from Detroit before the city strangles.

Another approach is the British "grid," calling for the creation of several self-contained neighborhoods—complete with schools, theaters, shopping centers and parks. Along these lines, Mayor John Lindsay's task force on urban design suggests that New York City, rather than pack even more skyscrapers into midtown Manhattan and Wall Street, should create a major business district along Harlem's 125th Street. Governor Nelson Rockefeller, in fact, has encouraged the move by ordering the construction of a 23-story state office building for Harlem. But New York, typically at odds with itself, is also building two 110-story skyscrapers for the World Trade Center in the Wall Street area. That is the kind of act, says Urban Critic Wolf von Eckardt, that is tantamount to "urbanicide"—city killing.

Don't Walk. For the past three years, the Maryland-National Capital Park Planning Commission has guided development around Washington along six "corridors" radiating 40 to 50 miles out from the capital. Each corridor contains about five cities, some old, some new. Parkways and strips of greenery will keep the cities from blending into each other, thus preserving each city's



MOYNIHAN REVISITING
Making a working class

pride and identity. The Southeastern Wisconsin Regional Planning Commission is doing the same in the seven-county region that includes Milwaukee and Racine.

One of the fondest dreams of the urbanologists is a return to coherent neighborhoods. Doxiadis, who spends much of his time in America, preaches that "we must re-establish the human scale by making man feel part of his environment, not overpowered by it." His goal: communities of 30,000 to 50,000 people, measuring no more than 2,000 by 2,000 yds.

For him, as for many other planners, the car must be curbed if cities are to be made human again. "For the first time in history—since he came down from the trees," laments Doxiadis, "man is losing the right to walk inside his cities." Several cities—among them Philadelphia, Washington, Houston and Minneapolis—either have or are planning pedestrian malls.

Crobbgrass Curtain. Los Angeles is usually cited as the chief victim of the automobile—with 55% of its core area given over to freeways, garages and parking lots—but Atlanta is in nearly as clogged a condition (50% of downtown), while Boston (40%) and Denver (30%) are not too far behind. According to one estimate, if New York were to double the capacity of every bridge, tunnel and expressway leading to the city, only 22% of all commuters could drive to work. For those who live within the city, driving is generally out of the question. They take a taxi if they can afford and find one (increasingly difficult), or the subway—which, according to the city's design task force, is "probably the most squalid environment of the U.S., dank, dingily lit, fetid, raucous with screeching clutter." And savagely crowded at rush hour.

To many urbanologists, the problems

"WHERE ARE JUSTICE?"

Although he is still under attack from some civil rights leaders for his analysis of the weakness of the Negro family, Daniel Patrick Moynihan says: "I have never gotten a nasty letter from a Negro." Last week, Moynihan received an unsigned note, written in what seems to be a woman's hand and postmarked Newark. This one was not nasty, either, but it is hard to forget:

"Dear Sir we are writing you all for help and justice here in New Jersey. We are asking you all to go forward and help us. When this riot here in Newark started they have arrested several innocent people who had nothing to do with this riot.

When they sent in the State Troopers and National Guard all of them was white. And they are going around in streets shooting and killing innocent peoples, woman's & children and babies. They rode up and down the streets Saturday night shooting into peoples windows.

"We need peace and justice here in Newark and all over New Jersey. They are tearing down our homes and building up medical collages and motor clubs and parking lots and we need decent private homes to live in. They are tearing down our best schools and churches to build a highway.

"We are over here in poverty and bondage. There are supposed to be justice for all. Where are that justice? Where are justice?"



NEW YORK'S UPPER EAST SIDE
of the lower class.

of the city will not be solved until closer links are forged between core and suburb. University of Chicago Historian Richard Wade speaks of a "crabgrass curtain" dividing the two, declares: "Two divisive elements frustrate attempts to master the metropolis—division of the metropolitan area on the basis of race, and division on the basis of city and suburb." Agrees New York's Lindsay: "Whatever strengthens the core city strengthens the suburbs, and vice versa." The problem, as Columbia University Urbanologist Charles Abrams puts it, is one of resources. "The wealth has gone to the suburbs," he says.

U.S. cities have deteriorated considerably, but not irreparably. Money can help to salvage them. Chicago's Hauser figures that an additional \$20 billion a year in federal funds over the next decade should do the job; Harvard Psychologist Thomas Pettigrew sets the sum at \$25 billion a year; the Senate's Ribicoff subcommittee puts it at a neat \$1 trillion. That kind of money, of course, even over a long period, does not come easily—not is it all that easy to spend it wisely.

Whatever the level of federal billions, the U.S. is going to need the kind of overview offered by urbanologists like Moynihan if its cities are to survive and thrive. Last spring, Rhode Island's Providence College awarded Moynihan an honorary degree that was accompanied by a particularly apt citation: "You have dared to throw light on some of the most frightening problems facing urban dwellers, not to elicit common agreement with your solutions so much as to force us to look where we would rather not." Moynihan and the other urbanologists may not have all the answers for the crisis of the cities, but they are at least forcing America to peer into the frighteningly dark corners in search of them.

TRANSPORTATION

A Whiff of Chaos

For more than three months, Congress searched in vain for a formula to head off a railroad strike. Last week it faced the urgent task of ending one.

Defying the Administration—just as it had during last summer's \$3 billion, 45-day airline strike—the militant International Association of Machinists triggered a walkout that laid off 600,000 rail employees and paralyzed 95% of the nation's 216,000-mile rail network. Lyndon Johnson, in no mood for a repetition of the airlines debacle, called the strike a "national crisis" and urged Congress to take immediate action. Swiftly, the House and Senate found the formula that had eluded them for so long. Barely 48 hours after it had begun, the first nationwide railroad strike in 21 years was over.

"Go-Go Union." While most railroad unions accepted 5% increases months ago, the Machinists and five other shopcraft unions held out for more. Dubbed the "go-go union" by its president, P. L. ("Roy") Siemiller, 63, the Machinists, whose \$2.90 average hourly wage is far lower than what other industries pay for comparable work, wanted 6.5%.

There had been a whole series of actions to stave off a strike. When the last postponement ended June 19, the unions pledged not to strike. But a Johnson-proposed bill, imposing a binding settlement if no voluntary accord was reached, got hung up for a month in a Senate-House conference committee. With the matter still unresolved, the Machinists finally walked out.

No Photographers. Brief as it was, the strike furnished a foretaste of the chaos that might have been. In New York and Chicago, some 300,000 rail commuters either turned to car pools and buses or stayed home. Near Los An-

geles, 1,600 boxcars loaded with perishables were rushed to refrigerated storehouses. Across the U.S., 400,000 rail cars were stranded.

Johnson summoned congressional leaders to the White House on Sunday to demand quick passage of the Administration bill still languishing in conference committee. The next day, both houses complied. When Johnson signed the bill into law, photographers were conspicuously absent. Only once before—in 1917—had Congress ordered striking workers back on the job, and the President was not anxious to remind his labor supporters of his role.

Specifically, the bill created a five-man panel to mediate the dispute and, if no agreement emerged in 90 days, to impose a settlement that would be binding until Jan. 1, 1969. In naming the panel, the President surprised everybody by including A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany. It came as a still greater surprise when Johnson named as chairman Oregon's Democratic Senator Wayne Morse. For one thing, he is one of L. B. J.'s peskiest Viet Nam war critics. Moreover, although Morse is an old hand at labor mediation, he won the implacable enmity of the Machinists' Siemiller as the Johnson-appointed mediator in the airline strike.

To labor, the formula for an imposed settlement sounded suspiciously like compulsory arbitration, though the Administration called it "mediation to finality." Whatever its name, the plan was another in a line of stopgap solutions. As such, it pointed up the need for Johnson to make good on his 18-month-old promise to propose permanent legislation against crippling strikes. For, notwithstanding congressional—and presidential—squeamishness on the subject, the fact is that in some strikes, as the President himself said last week, "the public interest must take precedence over private interests."



JOHNSON & MORSE AT WHITE HOUSE

Only a dreary stopgap, whatever the name.

DISASTERS

Crowded Sky

As soon as it hit the forward fuselage of the three-leaf Boeing 727, the twin-engine Cessna disintegrated in a yellow fireball. For a few seconds, the bigger plane looked like a wounded quail struggling for control. Then, still airborne, it too exploded, raining debris over a mile-and-a-half area near Hendersonville, N.C. "I could see bodies falling like confetti," said a witness. One crashed through the roof of a house. Another fell in a filling station, others on highways and trees. Miraculously, no one on the ground was injured. But all 82 people aboard the two planes died—including Navy Secretary-designate John McNaughton, 45.

McNaughton and his wife Sally, 46, were in the Blue Ridge resort area to pick up their son Theodore, 11, at a nearby camp. A former Harvard law professor and one of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's "whiz kids" in 1961, McNaughton was to have been sworn in as Navy Secretary this week.

Before the wreckage of the fallen planes had stopped smoldering, John Reed, director of the National Transportation Safety Board, led a team of 68 investigators to the scene. Why was the private plane, carrying two Springfield, Mo., businessmen and flown by Veteran Pilot David Addison of Lebanon, Mo., twelve miles off course at the time of the collision? When Addison reached a point southeast of the Asheville-Hendersonville Airport, he had been instructed to turn north, then report in for final landing instructions.

Addison acknowledged the message, but never made the northward turn—whether for lack of time, out of misunderstanding of the instruction, or because of a mechanical malfunction may never be known. When the collision occurred, at one minute after noon, the Piedmont Airlines plane, which had just left the airport, was climbing right on course.

In the past eleven years, a total of 199 U.S. mid-air collisions have taken 669 lives. With the number of private aircraft now at 104,000, compared with 83,000 five years ago, commercial airports are so congested that some Congressmen have proposed banning the private planes from commercial-liner airports altogether. The House Commerce Committee scheduled air-traffic hearings for this week as a result of the Hendersonville tragedy.

REPUBLICANS

No Longer a Hot Subject

New York's Jacob Javits, an able Senator and prodigious vote getter, would have been glad to be the nation's first Jewish Vice President. But a highly conservative Republican presidential candidate probably wouldn't want him, and a red-hot liberal wouldn't need him, and a fellow New Yorker like Nelson Rockefeller couldn't run

on the same ticket with him. So Governor George Romney's impressive third-term victory in Michigan seemed like very good news last fall. Why not a union of Republican moderates around a Michigan-New York axis? The crux of this strategy was Rockefeller's public renunciation of all presidential aspirations, thereby leaving the field clear for Romney, and his agreement that Javits should become the favorite-nominee of New York's 92-vote delegation to the 1968 G.O.P. convention—a good bargaining position for the V.P. spot.

Now Javits has decided that it isn't going to happen. For one thing, a man simply does not actively seek the vice-presidency, and Javits concluded that he was making himself look a little foolish. The vice-presidency "is no longer a



JAVITS & ROCKEFELLER
Alternative close at hand.

hot subject," he said in an interview last week. "My present political concern is re-election"—meaning a run for a third Senate term next year.

Javits gamely insists that he and Rockefeller still consider Romney the best moderate candidate. "We have no fallback position," he said. "There are no alternatives." None, that is, unless Romney happens to stumble. Then Javits would not have to look far for an alternative—namely, Nelson Rockefeller.

THE JUDICIARY

Kite Flying & Other Games

Question (delivered sternly, *cum* drawl): Do you know who drafted the 13th Amendment to the Yew-nited States Constitution?

Answer (politely): No sir, I have looked it up time after time, but I just don't remember.

Q. Do you know from what provision of the prior law the language of this amendment was copied?

A. I do not.

Q. Why do you think that the fram-

ers of the original version of the first section of the 14th Amendment added the "necessary and proper" clause from Article 1, Section 8, to the "Privileges and Immunities" clause of Article 4, Section 2?

A. I don't know, sir.

The scene might have been a Southern county courthouse in the bad old days, with a white registrar administering a literacy test designed to confound even the best-educated Negro. Actually, the setting was a U.S. Senate chamber, and the Negro was Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall, who seeks to vote not in a Southern election but as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

With Marshall's nomination up for Senate confirmation, a few Southern members of the Judiciary Committee were having fun working him over. To be sure, Marshall has more disinterested critics—including some Northern lawyers and judges who find him delightful company but feel his performance as a federal appeals judge and as Solicitor General fell short of brilliance. Ironically, the Yuhoo-type hazing of Marshall made it more unlikely that any serious Senator would want to question him seriously. It made it all the more certain that his highly political appointment (not the first, of course, in Supreme Court history) would clear the Senate comfortably.

Marshall's chief inquisitor was South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, who posed 60 fine-print Constitutional questions. At one point, when asked about antebellum slave codes, Marshall lightened things by replying: "The so-called black codes ranged from a newly freed Negro not being able to own property or vote to a statute that prevented these Negroes from flying kites."

FLORIDA

A Fatal Ruckus

At Road Prison No. 32 in Florida's piney Panhandle region, Guard Arnie Oree Lovett doused the main lights in the barracks one night last week. All was quiet, and he settled down in his wire cage, which protruded into the building, allowing him to watch the twelve white and 39 Negro prisoners—some of them "close custody" convicts who must be guarded at all times. When one prisoner, following standard practice, asked permission to leave his bunk for the bathroom, Lovett thought nothing about it. The next moment a riot erupted—or in Dixie parlance, a "ruckus." Normally, it involves some shouting and vandalism to let off steam. In this case, it killed 38 men.

"Come Out, Boys!" Convicts leaped from their beds. Some grabbed brooms and smashed out the fluorescent lights. Others knocked the TV set to the floor and demolished it. Still others tore out plumbing fixtures. Following emergency plans, Lovett, 49, summoned another guard and gave him the key to an guards' cabinet in the prison office. As he rushed back to his cage, Lovett saw

one group of prisoners setting fire to a pile of newspapers and toilet paper that they had stacked under a bunk and another starting a blaze at the opposite end of the building. A large exhaust fan sucked the flames along the ceiling. In seconds, the one-story structure was a furnace.

Prisoners screamed for Lovett to unlock the cage. The same key used to open the gun cabinet was the one needed to unlock the padlock at the bars. Lovett did not have it. While he watched, helpless, flames rolled across the ceiling, turning metal fixtures red hot. Some prisoners rushed to the showers to escape the heat—only to die from asphyxiation. Some huddled in corners, while others lay flat on the floor. Two or three minutes after the fire started, the other guard returned on the run and tossed the key to Lovett. By then Lovett's cage was filled with smoke and flames. Three times he tried to get to the lock, only to be forced back. On the fourth try, he succeeded. "The door's open!" he cried. "Come out, boys, come on out!" He pulled several out himself, suffering burns on his face and back. Some staggered out on their own. Flames kept others from the exit, and ax-wielding guards and convicts frantically chopped a hole in the wall. "For God's sake, men," sobbed one of the rescued convicts, "come out." Only 16 did—and of those, three died later and five were injured.

Three Ringleaders. At an inquiry after the fire, convicts testified that two white prisoners and a Negro had planned the riot, possibly to mask a prison break, possibly just to vent some frustrations. "They really wanted to tear it up," testified one prisoner, but for what reason he could not—or would not—say. Nor could the three ringleaders. All had perished in the blaze.

POETRY

American Troubadour

It could be, in the grace of God, that I shall live to be 89, as did Tokuzumi, and speaking my farewell to earthly scenes, I might paraphrase: "If God had let me live five years longer, I should have been a writer."

Carl Sandburg did not need the extra five years. When he died last week at 89—the same age as the early 19th century Japanese painter—on his goat farm near Flat Rock, N.C., he was solidly established as a poet and historian. Above all, he was a minstrel whose prose had the same resonating, twanging rhythms as his folk songs or his verse. Essentially, Carl Sandburg was an American troubadour.

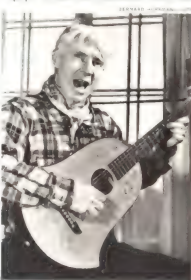
"Family of Man." The nation he sang was the bustling, brawling America of his Midwestern youth, a land of laborers, slaughterhouses and prairies. Along with his music and anecdotal flow, his verse had the Whitmanesque "barbaric yawp," as in "Chicago" ("Hog butcher of the world"). Sandburg could

also lift a form of American haiku: *The fog comes / On little cat feet.*

He loved yarns, slang and "the people of the earth, the family of man."

For Sandburg, the head of the family was Abraham Lincoln, who embodied the qualities that the poet so greatly admired, and in some measure possessed: honesty, wit, an unpretentious and even awkward eloquence. For 15 years, Sandburg labored on his monumental six-volume biography of Lincoln. He won a Pulitzer prize for the Lincoln books in 1940, another for his *Collected Poems* in 1951.

"For Wiggings." For all the popularity of his works, Sandburg never fared well in academe. Critic Edmund Wilson observed of the Lincoln biography: "There are moments when one



SANDBURG IN 1938
For the love of yarns and yawp.

is tempted to feel that the cruellest thing that has happened to Lincoln since he was shot by Booth was to fall into the hands of Carl Sandburg." A kind of pseudo-folksy affectation came into some of Sandburg's work. Such criticism never troubled the poet. He was an old-fashioned storyteller, and when an interviewer once mentioned modern poetry, Sandburg snorted: "I say to hell with the new poetry. Sometimes I think it's a series of ear wiggings."

Sandburg grew up in Galesburg, Ill., where his Swedish father was a railroad worker. He quit school at 13, hopped a westbound freight at 17 to see the land he was to celebrate. Later Galesburg's Lombard College accepted him on the basis of a special qualifying examination. After studying there for nearly four years, he hopped in the East, then became a newspaper reporter, a vocation he pursued on and off as a correspondent and columnist for Chicago dailies until 1945.

In 1914, Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine published "Chicago," and Sandburg was recognized as a raw new

U.S. talent. His collection of *Chicago Poems* appeared in 1916, followed by *Cornhuskers*, *Snake and Steel* and six other volumes. His talents were diverse, and almost inexhaustible. In 1927 he completed a labor of love, his *American Songbook*, a treasury of the nation's folk songs. His first novel, *Remembrance Rock*, was finished in 1948. At 74, he published *Always the Young Strangers*, a memoir of his boyhood. Always, however, his first love was verse and song. As a preface to 1928's *Good Morning, America*, Sandburg listed 38 tentative definitions of poetry. Among them: "Poetry is a sliver of the moon lost in the belly of a golden frog."

NATURAL RESOURCES

Drinkable Sea Water

With its wet surroundings, Key West, Fla., the southernmost city in the continental U.S., is ideal for conch shell collecting and deep-sea fishing, but it has been hard up for fresh water. The city long had to rely on a 130-mi. Navy-owned pipeline to the mainland, a source vulnerable to hurricanes, drought and, recently, the Navy's rising water appetite at its own local bases.

Last week, Key West became the first U.S. city to get its entire freshwater supply from the sea when the Florida Keys Aqueduct Commission dedicated the world's largest single-unit desalting plant, a gleaming \$3.3 million facility that can produce up to 2,620,000 gallons a day. The plant uses the so-called "flash" process, by which heated sea water is forced through a series of low-pressure chambers until it vaporizes into steam, which, in turn, condenses into pure water—much as steam condenses on the surface of a tea kettle. Fifteen years ago, desalination cost up to \$5 per 1,000 gallons; with the flash method, it now costs 85¢.

Desalting facilities are in operation in places like Kuwait, Curaçao and Israel. In the U.S., with technical assistance from the Interior Department's Office of Saline Water, Buckeye, Ariz., and Port Mansfield, Texas, both turned to desalination after their water became too brackish. With the threat of water shortages and pollution mounting, other cities can be expected to follow suit, especially as nuclear power becomes available to make large-scale desalination projects more economical.

By 1973, parts of Los Angeles will start getting converted sea water from a nuclear-powered 150 million-gallon-a-day plant. The U.S. and Mexico may put up a billion-gallon-a-day plant on the Gulf of California in the 1980s. By that time, the cost of desalting water could be cut to 10¢ per 1,000 gallons. Speaking over the noisy hum of Key West's desalting plant last week, Vice President Hubert Humphrey ventured a bold prediction. With such breakthroughs, he said, desalination will eventually yield benefits "as great as those bestowed by the development of electricity."

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

"MAN and society are born out of both: violence and gentle cooperation." That is how Psychiatrist Bruno Bettelheim defines a paradoxical but inescapable fact touching the whole history of "the children of Cain." How the two forces are balanced in an individual helps determine his behavior, even his sanity. How they are balanced in society helps determine its political organization, the degree and condition of its civilization. In the U.S. today, it seems to many that violence is in the ascendant over cooperation, disruption over order, and anger over reason.

The greatest single source of this fear lies in the Negro riots that keep tearing at American cities. What is alarming about them is not merely the frustration and bitterness they proclaim, not merely the physical and psychological damage they cause, but also the fact that a few Negro leaders are deliberately trying to justify the riots with a violent and vengeful ideology. This in turn can all too easily be seen as just one aspect of a whole American panorama of violence. The crime rate keeps rising, or seems to, especially in senseless killings and wanton attacks. Fear of the darkened city streets has become a fact of urban life. The memories of bizarre multiple murders linger in the mind—13 people dead in Austin from a sniper's rifle, eight nurses in Chicago killed by a demented drifter. The recollection of the Kennedy assassination remains part of the scene. A burgeoning, largely uncontrolled traffic in guns has put firearms into some 50 million American homes, many of their owners insisting that the weapons are needed for self-defense. In the movies and on television, murder and torture seem to be turning Americans into parlor sadists. A recent trend on the stage is the "theater of cruelty," and a growing number of books delve into the pornography of violence.

The rest of the world is ready to adjudge America an excessively violent country in which brutal, irrational force can erupt any minute on a massive scale. This view is reinforced by the sheer driving energy of the U.S. It seems confirmed by the American folklore of violence—the Western and the gangster saga—which audiences all over the world worship as epic entertainment and as a safe refuge for dreams of lawless freedom. In a very different way, the view of America the Violent is also reinforced by the Vietnamese war, in which critics both at home and abroad profess to see a growing strain of American brutality.

Comparative Mayhem

Violence is so universal and elusive that sociology and psychology can only approximate a complex truth. Comparisons with other countries are illuminating but hardly conclusive. The U.S. has certainly experienced nothing like the massacre of 400,000 Communists in Indonesia; nor have Watts or Newark approached the lethal fury of an Indian or an Arab mob. But these are countries at vastly different levels of civilization. In the industrialized world, the U.S. undeniably ranks high in violence. The U.S. homicide rate stands at around five deaths for 100,000 people. This compares with 7 in England, 1.4 in Canada, 1.5 in France, 1.5 in Japan (but 32 in Mexico). Within the U.S., the rate varies widely, from about 11 per 100,000 in Georgia and Alabama to 6.1 in New York and .5 in Vermont. Not that homicide or any other statistics can tell the complete story.

The U.S. is in the grip of a semipermanent revolution, constantly undergoing social and economic changes that in Europe might send people to the barricades. Occasionally, Americans may still try to re-enact the two-listed frontiersman, but the real source of much American violence is the swift pace of social change, which can be deeply disturbing to the less-stable personalities in a society. Europe has usually experienced its revolutions spasmodically, at fairly long intervals, while in between it tends to defer to official authority far more than do Americans.

Measuring itself not against others but against its own past, the U.S. has good reason to believe that the country as a whole is growing less violent. The roots of violence in the American past are obvious: the Revolution, the Indian wars, slavery, the Civil War, that crucial and necessary test between two societies (when Fort Sumter was fired on, Emerson said: "Now we have a country again. Sometimes gunpowder smells good"). Race riots erupted almost as soon as the Negroes were emancipated, the worst being the New York draft riots of 1863. The Ku Klux Klan relied on raw violence to keep the Negroes from exercising the rights they had gained. In its way, frontier violence was also the result of social change: new, transplanted populations, new sources of wealth, new elites struggling for power. The wonder, perhaps, was not that the frontier was violent, but that its people tried so quickly to establish some sort of law.

Changing Pattern

In the cities, each wave of new immigration evoked violent reactions, many of which were instigated in the mid-1800s by the original Know-Nothings and their many later imitators. Immigrant groups themselves battled with one another, caught up in ethnic feuds. Above all, the American labor movement was the most violent in the world. From the 1870s to the 1930s, bloody battles between strikers and company cops or state militia were frequent. Labor leaders often deliberately used violence to dramatize the workers' plight—and, in time, they succeeded. On the fringes of the movement were some odd secret organizations, including the Molly Maguires, a band of Pennsylvania miners who assassinated fellow workers and bosses alike in an attempt to win better pay and working conditions. The Wobblies (Industrial Workers of the World) sang the praises of violence and provided numerous labor saints and martyrs. The great gangs that appeared in Chicago, New York and elsewhere in the 1920s were also social symptoms; not merely the fiefdoms of "little Caesars" bent on money and power, but the expression of a moral vacuum in the U.S.

Against this background, violence on the American scene today is still alarming, but it scarcely suggests a disastrous deterioration. Public tolerance of violence seems lower than ever before in U.S. life, and public respect for law far higher. Above all, there is evidence to show that—some statistics to the contrary—violent crime in the U.S. is not really growing relative to the population. After massive researches, the President's Crime Commission admits that crime trends cannot be conclusively proven out by available figures. According to FBI reckoning, crimes of violence have risen about 35% so far in the 1960s. But these figures fail to consider two important factors: population growth and changes in crime reporting. Experts believe that part of the apparent increase is caused by the fact that each year the police grow more thorough—and the poor are less reluctant—about reporting crime that previously went unrecorded. Says Sociologist Marvin Wolfgang, president of the American Society of Criminology: "Contrary to the rise in public fear, crimes of violence are not significantly increasing."

But their pattern is changing. The incidence of murder and robbery relative to population has decreased by 30% in the past three decades. On the other hand, rape has tripled. Males are seven times more likely to commit violent crimes than women, but the women are catching up: in five years, arrests of women for crimes of violence rose 62% above 1960 v. 18% for men. From the newest figures, certain other patterns emerge. Despite widespread fear of strangers, most crimes of violence are committed by a member of the family or an acquaintance. The arrest rate for murder among Negroes is ten times that among whites, but most of the violent crimes committed by Negroes are against other Negroes. Violence is increasingly an urban phe-

nomenon: 26 large cities containing less than one-fifth of the U.S. population account for more than half of all major crimes against the person. Poets sometimes have sociological insights, and Robert Lowell knew what he was talking about in his lines:

*When Cain beat out his brother Abel's brains
The Maker laid great cities in his soul.*

Innate or Learned

Violence is not only an urban but overwhelmingly a lower-class phenomenon. In Atlanta, for example, neighborhoods with family incomes below \$3,000 show a violent-crime rate eight times higher than among \$9,000 families. In the middle class, violence is perhaps sublimated increasingly in sport or other pursuits. Says Sociologist Wolfgang: "The gun and fist have been substantially replaced by financial ability, by the capacity to manipulate others in complex organizations, and by intellectual talent. The thoughtful wit, the easy verbalizer, even the striving musician and artist are equivalents of male assertiveness, where broad shoulders and fighting fists were once the major symbols."

What are the seeds of violence? Freud found "a powerful measure of desire for aggression" in human instincts. He added: "The very emphasis of the commandment 'Thou shalt not kill' makes it certain that we are descended from an endlessly long chain of generations of murderers, whose love of murder was in their blood, as it is perhaps also in ours." Further, Freud held that man possesses a death instinct which, since it cannot be satisfied except in suicide, is instead turned outward as aggression against others. Dr. Fredric Wertham, noted crusader against violence, disagrees sharply and argues that violence is learned behavior, not a product of nature but of society: "The violent man is not the natural but the socially alienated man."

The fact is that if violence is not innate, it is a basic component of human behavior. The German naturalist Konrad Lorenz believes that, unlike other carnivores, man did not at an early stage develop inhibitions against killing members of his own species—because he was too weak. As he developed weapons, he learned to kill, and he also learned moral restraints, but these never penetrated far enough. Writes Lorenz: "The deep emotional layers of our personality simply do not register the fact that the cocking of a forefinger to release a shot tears the entrails of another man."

The yearning for nonviolence is as real as the yearning for love but, East or West, no religion has succeeded in establishing a society based on it. When trying to point to a really nonviolent community, anthropologists are usually forced to resort to the Arapesh of New Guinea or the Pygmies of the Ituri rain forest in the Congo. The human impulse to violence cannot be completely denied or suppressed. When that is tried, the result is often an inner violence in man that can burst out all the more fiercely later. At times the U.S. displays a kind of false prudery about violence to the point where, in the words of Psychiatrist Robert Coles, "almost anything related to forcefulness and the tensions between people is called violent." While this attitude (including Dr. Wertham's frequent blasts at anything from military toys to Batman) is plainly unrealistic, there is no denying that a gruesome violence on screens and in print is threatening to get out of hand. According to one theory, such vicarious experience of violence is healthy because it relieves the viewer's own aggressions. But recent tests suggest the opposite.

Violence can be a simple, rational reaching for a goal, in its legal form of war or its illegal form of crime. It can often be irrational, as in a seemingly senseless killing or quarrel. But the distinction between irrational and rational violence is not easily drawn. Even the insane murderer kills to satisfy a need entirely real to him. Violence is often caused by "displaced aggression," when anger is forced to aim at a substitute target. Every psychologist knows that a man might beat his child because he cannot beat his boss. And a man may even murder because he feels rejected or "alienated." But what leads one man in such a situation to kill and another merely to get drunk is a question psychologists

have never really answered. There is no doubt that violence has a cathartic effect, and the pressures that cause it must find an outlet of one kind or another. (Japan's Matsushita Electric Co. has set up a dummy of the foreman that workers can beat up on a given day once a week, thereby presumably releasing their aggressions.)

But the aims of violence are usually mixed. Several violent codes combine a functional purpose with an emotional mystique. This was true of the aristocratic dueling code, which served to maintain a social hierarchy that became enshrouded in trappings of honor and death. It is true of the city gang, which functions as a rough and ready community but also includes a mystique in which violence is equated with courage and crime with merit. It is, finally, true of revolutionary ideology, which combines the brutal but often practical belief that only violence can pull down the existing order through a crude poetry about the purifying properties of blood and fire. "I believe in the cutting off of heads," proclaimed Marat during the French Revolution, and his contemporary, the Marquis de Sade, preached, in the duller pages of his books, the virtue of murder as policy. Explains Brandeis University Sociologist Lewis Coser: "The act of violence commits a man symbolically to the revolutionary movement and breaks his ties with his previous life. He is, so to speak, reborn." The late Frantz Fanon, a polemicist for anti-colonial revolution, wrote: "Violence is a cleansing force. It frees the native from his inferiority complex."

Cutting Edge

It is something resembling this revolutionary mystique that Stokely Carmichael and a few others are trying to impose on the American Negro movement. Mixed with the anarchical slogans of "Burn, baby, burn!" and "Tear down the courthouses," there is a calculated conviction that violence is above all else a language, and that this language, through fear, will persuade white society to give things to the Negro that it would not otherwise give. Says Lester McKinney, Washington head of S.N.C.C.: "In the minds of the people, history has proved that any meaningful social change has come through a bloody revolution." Many Negro leaders point to the violent tactics of the labor movement in gaining its ends. Even Negro Sociologist Kenneth Clark, no advocate of black power, calls violence "the cutting edge of justice." Social change for Negroes is moving faster than at any time in 100 years; for that very reason, Negroes were able to decide that things were still moving too slowly. The riots, as the President's Crime Commission report puts it, are a way to "let America know."

But the language of violence is crude and dangerous for those who use it. As Hannah Arendt notes, the Western tradition is full of violence and its legend seems to say, "what-ever brotherhood human beings may be capable of has grown out of fratricide"; yet she also points out that neither wars nor revolutions are "ever completely determined by violence. Where violence rules absolutely, everything and everybody must fall silent." Violence is not power. In the last analysis it is an admission of failure, a desire for a magical shortcut, an act of despair. Shameful though conditions in the Negro ghettos are, violence is not really the only language left in which to appeal for improvement.

Dealing with violence, the U.S. faces several tasks, none easy. One is to provide more intelligent, effective law enforcement and, through legislation, to do away with the dangerous unfettered sale of firearms. Another is nothing less than the elimination of the ghetto and what it stands for: an increasingly disaffected population. Though probably there will always be violence—out of anger or greed, love or madness—large-scale, socially significant violence is usually caused by authentic grievances, and the U.S. should be able to narrow if not eliminate these. But that leaves, finally, the individual flash or explosion of violence; and to deal with this, man must learn more about man—the mystery that can turn creative energy into brute force, a peaceful crowd into a mob, and an ineffectual weakling into a mass murderer.

THE WORLD

CHINA

Overflowing Revolution

When the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution erupted inside China last year, neighboring nations were not exactly displeased. They hoped that Peking would be so busy coping at home that it would have little time or energy for troublemaking abroad. For a while that proved to be the case—but no longer. Last week Peking was quarreling with no fewer than eight of its neighbors, many of whom have been shaken in recent weeks by Maoist riots, threats and demonstrations—plus retaliatory action by their own citizens. Whether Peking consciously intended it or not, the contagion of the Cultural Revolution has lately spilled over China's borders, infecting overseas Chinese and inflaming their non-Chinese neighbors.

Russia remains, of course, the chief target on China's periphery. The Chinese daily heap abuse on the Russians, and Moscow reported last week that hundreds of chanting Chinese demonstrators had tried to cross the Russian border at Khabarovsk in Siberia earlier this year, calling on the Soviet guards to disobey their officers as men who had "sold themselves to American imperialism."

But the long list of smaller nations that Peking is now quarreling with suggests a change of direction in Chinese policy, which since the Bandung conference in 1955 has been committed to

"peaceful coexistence" with China's neighbors (the 1962 attack on India being a notable exception). Though most Sinologists doubt that the Chinese about-face was intentional in every case, Peking went along with the trouble once it was started, usually by local Communists, and in most cases even egged it on. Items:

► Hong Kong was assailed last week by Peking's promises of more trouble to come: "Let the British imperialists tremble before the Chinese people." The British made more raids on leftist unions and arrested more than 600 people in an effort to prevent a recurrence of the Maoist rioting that has shaken the crown colony off and on for more than two months. Police, aided by British troops, found caches of arms, Molotov cocktails and bottles of acid.

► Burma tried to cope with as many as 500,000 chanting and marching anti-Chinese demonstrators a day. The brawling began after General Ne Win closed two Chinese schools for excessive Mao-think in the curriculum and Chinese students hit the streets in protest, setting off the anti-Chinese explosion. Peking accused Rangoon of instigating an "outrage of white terror" against the Chinese, for the first time came out in full, open support of the more militant of Burma's two Communist parties.

► Japan, which has itself been free of Communist disturbances, last week watched the spectacle of its Communist Party's cutting all ties with Communist China and recalling its two representatives from Peking after xenophobic Red Guards had attacked them.

► Outer Mongolia has practically broken off relations with China in the wake of Red Guard attacks on the Mongolian embassy in Peking protesting a mutual-aid pact signed in January by Ulan Bator and Moscow.



PATHEP LEO BONING UP ON MAO-THINK*
Infection and inflammation among the neighbors.

► Nepal was the scene of wild rioting after Nepalese Communist students waved pictures of Mao at an exhibit of Chinese photographs in Katmandu earlier this month. Passers-by wanted to know why the students did not also have pictures of King Mahendra, and before long fists were flying. Peking now claims that Nepal is conspiring with "imperialists."

► India is embroiled in another dispute with China, which began when two Indian diplomats were abused and expelled as spies for trying to photograph a roadside shrine in China. In angry response, Indian mobs attacked the Chinese embassy in New Delhi and beat up several Communist diplomats. Peking has since announced that "a Red area of rural revolutionary armed struggle has been established in India"—referring to a rebellious, backward strip of India along the Sikkim border.

For the first time, Peking has publicly praised the Philippine Communist Party and lauded the rebellious Huk as valiant and correct revolutionary fighters. In Indonesia, China is trying to reorganize the decimated Indonesian Communist Party (P.K.I.), utilizing what is left of the Chinese population after last year's massacre. It has long aided the guerrillas in Thailand's northeast, recently drew neutralist Prince Sihanouk's ire for attempting the same thing in Cambodia. And the Chinese have continued, of course, to supply the Pathet Lao guerrillas of Laos with arms, aid and propaganda backing.

There were even signs that China may be having trouble with its North

* The complete text of the caption, as supplied by the China Photo Service: "The Laotian People's Liberation Army diligently study Chairman Mao's works, and grasp the invincible thought of Mao Tse-tung to carry out the struggle against U.S. imperialism."



HONG KONG LEFTISTS ARRESTED IN RAID
Distraction from the frustrations.

Vietnamese ally. Coinciding with the arrival in Peking of an economic delegation from Hanoi, the official newspaper *Jenmin Jih Pao* called on North Viet Nam to choose between Russia and China. "It is imperative to oppose the counter-revolutionary line of the Soviet revisionist ruling group," said the paper. "There is no middle road in the struggle between the two lines."

While it is causing, or at least encouraging, mischief on its borders, China continues to have trouble controlling the course of the Cultural Revolution at home. Scarcely three weeks ago the party paper, *Red Flag*, proclaimed that President Liu Shao-chi, symbol of all the revolution is attacking, had at last been pulled down. But last week, amid reports of continuing clashes between groups of Red Guards vying for power, Radio Peking broadcast an appeal to the Peoples Liberation Army to stand ready "to smash the counterattack" of the President and his followers. It is possible that Mao welcomes the skirmishes abroad to lessen his followers' frustrations at failing to win a decisive battle in the Cultural Revolution.

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Nonheroic Non-Death

Viet Nam's Communists suffered one of their most embarrassing propaganda setbacks of the war recently when a Viet Cong named Nguyen Van Be turned up in a South Vietnamese jail. Though he did not know it, Be, 21, had been made a Communist hero in both North and South for having destroyed 69 of the enemy—and himself—by blowing up a mine in their midst after they had surrounded his unit (*TIME*, March 17). U.S. psychological-warfare men were delighted when they confirmed that the boyish prisoner in the jail at My Tho was the same Be who is held up for emulation to Communist cadres in mass-produced Communist poetry, songs and stories.

The Communists at first insisted that Be in jail was a fake touched up with expert plastic surgery to look like the real Be, and kept up the flow of adulation for their martyred hero. Now, stung by the way in which the Americans spread word of Be's nonheroic non-death—he hid in a river while the battle raged—they have switched to a terror campaign to silence those who can prove his identity.

Millions of Leaflets. Be's own mother and father have identified him as the man that the Communists have been crowing about, and Be has revisited his native village. Last week the U.S. reported that three Viet Cong defectors, one of them Be's cousin, have identified Be as the Communist hero. The

U.S. has dropped millions of leaflets aimed at the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong, showing a healthy Nguyen Van Be holding Hanoi newspaper accounts of his vaunted end, have sent planes over Viet Cong areas broadcasting Be's voice. It was after such a plane passed over him that Be's cousin, Nguyen Va Ba, decided to defect. "I put my shovel down," he says, "and listened to the voice very carefully. I found it to be Be's true voice."

Faced with the mounting proof of their error, the Viet Cong last week issued grim orders that "anyone saying that Nguyen Van Be is alive will be shot on the spot." Meantime, Be's name has been put at the top of a list of those marked for death, and a price of 2,000,000 piasters (about \$17,000) has been put on his head. Viet Cong agents have been caught hugging the phones at the security house in Saigon to which Be has been transferred under heavy



NGUYEN VAN BE (LEFT) & DEFECTOR
Proof of error, shift to terror.

guard. Be's home village of Kim Son in the Red-infested Mekong Delta has become the scene of recurrent terror. Several people who recognized Be on his return visit vanished after an investigating team headed by a North Vietnamese officer entered the village. The hamlet chief was blown to bits when he stepped on a mine outside his office. Another mine, detonated from ambush, killed eleven persons riding in a Lambretta minibus. Among the passengers: another cousin of Be's.

Discontent & Disillusion. The Be affair marks the first time that the Communists departed from their policy of ignoring claims made from South Viet Nam. They have reason to be jittery. Six Communist guerrillas who defected because of the revelations about Be report discontent and disillusion among those who heard of Be's miraculous emergence. "The soldiers will fight very hard for an ideal," says Nguyen Va Ba, "but Be's being alive shows that the ideal has untruth in it, which makes it harder for them to fight."

INDIA

The Battle Royal

It was almost a palace coup in reverse. With the cool, crisp disdain of a modern-day Victoria, India's Rajmata (Queen Mother) of Gwalior informed the governor of the state of Madhya Pradesh last week that 36 members of the state's ruling Congress Party had defected to her opposition United Front Party. That gave the Rajmata, who is 47 and as tough a politician as they come, a clear majority in the 296-member state legislature. Flabbergasted, the governor suspended the legislature indefinitely, a move that could either open the way to new elections or lead to an invitation to the Rajmata herself to form a new government.

The legislative turmoil in India's seventh largest state (pop. 36,000,000) was only one numbering throb in what has become a royal headache for Indira Gandhi's Congress Party. Twenty years after India's independence and the merging of the country's 554 autonomous kingdoms with its British-run provinces, the maharajahs, princelings and other assorted royalty left over from the old days are turning to politics and making things increasingly warm for the Congress Party. The party, in turn, is angrily threatening to cut off the pensions and special privileges of the princes.

Into Decline. Under India's terms of independence, the old royal families who governed half the country and one-fourth of its people turned over their kingdoms to the central government in exchange for tax-free pensions and a series of special privileges. The pensions varied all the way from \$26 to \$665,000 a year, depending on the size of the kingdom; many princes retained most of their accumulated wealth. The privileges included immunity from arrest and civil lawsuit, and retention of old titles, many palaces and estates.

Without the prestige and power of old, the princely life went quickly into decline. Many princes now sit in their drawing rooms amid moldering Victorian knickknacks, with the swords and shields of their martial caste decorating the walls and the reproachful gaze of full-length ancestors in oils staring down on them. Others converted their palaces into hotels. The Rajmata's former kingdom of Gwalior is now a quiet, ordinary part of the state of Madhya Pradesh. The lavish royal guest house is a Girl Scout training center, and the main palace is a museum that charges 30¢ a head for admission. Many out-of-work princes drifted into the foreign service. Some took a fling at business; the Maharajah of Cochin Behar even organized tiger-hunting safaris, complete with flush toilets under canvas.

By the early 1960s, more and more princes were drifting into a new princely calling—politics. Their former subjects, nostalgic for the good old days of low prices and far less bureaucracy, turned out in droves to vote for them.



RAJMATA OF GWALIOR
Another throb of the headache.

In a 1962 parliamentary election, the Maharani Gayatri Devi of Jaipur ran up the biggest majority vote of any candidate—192,909 votes out of 246,516 cast. In the latest parliamentary elections last February, 28 princes won sizable parliamentary victories, only nine of them Congress Party members.

Anachronism of Honor. Concerned about this royal showing, Congress Party leaders called a special meeting after the election and decided to try to hit at the princes by abolishing their privileges and privy purses, which cost the government \$6.5 million a year. All that was needed was an amendment to the constitution, which seemed certain to carry in Parliament. "There is no doubt that these privileges and privy purses are an anachronism," said Home Minister Yashwantrao Balwantrao Chavan. "Do we want this country to remain set in this immobility of 1948 or go ahead?"

The princes are arguing back that the government is bound as a matter of honor to preserve the purses and privileges. Last week princes of both the ruling and opposition parties held hasty meetings all over India to discuss their next step. In Bhopal, the capital of Madhya Pradesh, 40 former rulers decided to fight with modern methods: they formed what was, in effect, a trade union to battle for their rights.

BRITAIN

Recessional

FAREWELL, FAR EAST, headlined the London Evening Standard. In the Daily Express, Labor M.P. Desmond Donnelly called the government's plan "the most stark military withdrawal since the Roman legions were recalled from Britain." With a mingled sense of nostalgia and relief, Britain announced that

it will gradually rid itself of the most burdensome vestige of its venerable but faded oriental empire. In a long-expected move, the government issued a Defense Ministry White Paper calling for withdrawal of all 80,000 British troops and civilians from Singapore and Malaysia by the mid-1970s.

The phasing out of British forces east of Suez will be part of an overall military reduction outside Europe that Britain says should save it a badly needed \$216 million a year. But the decision represents as much a hello to Europe as a farewell to the Far East, since it is in large part a concession to Charles de Gaulle, who demands that Britain give up some of its far-flung responsibilities and draw closer to Europe as a condition of entering the Common Market.

Defense Minister Denis Healey envisions an eventual cut of one-fourth of Britain's 417,360-man military force, including the already announced withdrawal next year from the troubled colony of Aden in South Arabia. The most dramatic aspect of the pullback will be the dismantling of Britain's mammoth naval base at Singapore, whose strategic location near the Malacca Strait has long enabled Britain to police Far Eastern sea-lanes. (Singapore has neither the ships nor the money to use the base itself, and made it clear that the U.S. Navy would not be welcome.) Britain still plans to keep a 9,000-man garrison in beleaguered Hong Kong.

Defense Minister Healey said that Britain would honor its obligations to the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization but that the forces pledged to SEATO would be altered in "nature and size." Warning against the assumption that "we will never again have to use our forces in the Far East," Healey said that in the next decade new aircraft will enable Britain to move men into the area faster and in much larger numbers than now. Britain plans to have recently purchased U.S. F-111 jet fighter-bombers both in Singapore and in Australia. So far, there is no change in its plan to establish "staging bases" with the U.S. on tiny atolls such as Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean. It is, however, giving up much of its remaining naval striking power: it plans to retire its four remaining aircraft carriers by the mid-1970s.

Troubled Allies. The planned withdrawal is as much due to Britain's strict austerity drive—initiated a year ago—as it is to De Gaulle. The British are having a hard time trying to wipe out their foreign-trade deficit and shore up the pound, which last week was shakier than it has been for a year, partly because of trade losses stemming from the war in the Middle East. Thus, the \$384 million that Britain paid last year for the upkeep of bases outside Europe looked like a luxury. Healey intends to cut this figure to about \$168 million by the mid-1970s.

Whatever their sympathies for Britain's financial plight, her allies in the

Far East were troubled by the new policy. The U.S., Australia and New Zealand are worried that they will have to assume the obligations that Britain is abandoning. President Johnson seems to believe that the British can be dissuaded from a headlong retreat. He said that he was "very hopeful that the British would maintain their interest in that part of the world." Secretary of State Rusk publicly regretted Britain's decision, but he warned pointedly that aggressors in Asia "should take no comfort" from the pull-out.

Frankness in the Air

Two Labor members of the Birmingham City Council recently had what they considered a bright idea: Why not establish municipal brothels to keep the city's aggressive prostitutes in one place? The councillors were fully braced for a storm of indignant protest, even though they never seriously expected their measure to pass. Nothing of the sort happened. Instead, the two councillors were immediately besieged with invitations to appear on TV and state their views. Many Britons wrote to congratulate them for forthrightly raising an important question. The Tories complained only that, if there were to be brothels, they should not be a government enterprise.

Britons may be no more or less interested in sex than most other peoples in an increasingly permissive age, but they certainly express that interest more openly and flamboyantly. The subject seems to be on everyone's mind. Newspapers and magazines constantly front-page details of the most lurid activities. The once-staid BBC last summer showed a boy and girl in bed together discussing their sexual history. British newspapers use four-letter words and explicit language that would surprise readers of mass-circulation papers on the Continent or the U.S. Their classified-ad pages frequently serve as arenas for the commerce of sex. British admen have learned to use sexual innuendo



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DOUGLAS
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with such effect that some ads have had to be withdrawn for their raunchiness, including one two weeks ago by BOAC, the government airline. What was whispered about in one age or snickered at in another is now lustily shouted.

Real Change. Some of the bluntness is a reaction to the euphemisms with which the British gentility, whose conduct has always provided rich material for gossip and journalism, long shrouded matters sexual. But much of it is the result of a very real change in respectable middle-class morality, once considered a bastion against the sexual mores of both the upper and lower classes. Illegal abortions are estimated to be running between 100,000 and 200,000 annually; divorce petitions have risen 50% in the last five years to some 42,000 a year; illegitimate births have doubled in a decade and gone up to some 60,000 a year.

Divorce has long been quite acceptable in Britain, but today there is less effort to conceal its causes. Lord Harewood, the 18th in line of succession to the throne, frequently appeared in public with a divorcee who bore him a son while he was still wed to his first wife. Queen Elizabeth, the temporal head of the Church of England, made a concession to the more relaxed morality by deciding to give him royal permission to marry the woman. Even Parliament now eagerly delves into areas that were formerly taboo. Three weeks ago, Commons passed a bill legalizing homosexual acts in private between consenting adults, and two weeks ago it followed that up with another bill liberalizing the grounds for abortion. Last week a government committee studying the question of lowering the age of majority from 21 to 18 years could not refrain from noting the sexual implications involved; the bill might, said the committee, by reducing the age of consent, "take the cartridge out of the shotgun marriage." Said the Marquess of Salisbury recently: "Practices that a few years ago could hardly have been mentioned at all in decent society are now taken as a matter of course."

Glorious Gift. The frankness about sex even seems to carry the blessings of the highest moral authorities. Last October a British Council of Churches study group declined to censure premarital sex. British Quakers, for their part, declared: "Sexuality, looked at dispassionately, is neither good nor evil. As Christians, we have felt impelled to state without reservation that it is a glorious gift of God." When the British woman's magazine *Nowa* asked a mother what she would tell her daughter about sex when she reached 16, the mother replied: "Tell her? Probably buy her a diaphragm."

Author W. H. Auden complains that "it looks as if traditional morality is to be succeeded by fashionable morality" and predicts that "heroin and Sade will be in one year, cocoa and virginity the next." Matters may never come to

that, but if they do, the British will certainly talk about the change candidly. The M.P.s debating the homosexuality and abortion bills at times became so detailed and clinical in their discussion that Lord Boothby, though a supporter of both bills, was moved to predict: "We shall not hear of sex in this house again for a very long time, because the plain truth is that after a while, sex can be very boring."

WEST GERMANY

Siege of the Pentabonn

The earth shook to the roar of cannon and the bite of heavy treads as German-built Leopard tanks and tank destroyers, more than 100 strong, staged a mock panzer battle at the Bundeswehr proving grounds at Munsterlager. The real hostilities, however, were in

Lücke cracked: "Schröder is calling out his Starfighters against us." Schröder was not amused. "No," he replied icily, "that must be the Americans pulling out."

When he was overruled, Schröder carried his fight from the Defense Ministry, newly housed in a gleaming complex above the Rhine that has inevitably been nicknamed the Pentabonn, into the public arena. He leaped to the press that the cuts would mean a reduction of 60,000 men in the German army. The calculation was his own and not necessarily accurate, since the reductions could be taken in equipment as well as men. Still, the ensuing headlines brought the desired result. Washington, irritated that Kiesinger had not informed it in advance of the budget reduction, let it be known that it firmly opposed any cut in German military



SCHRÖDER & KIESINGER INSPECTING LEOPARD TANKS AT MUNSTERLAGER

The real hostilities were in the reviewing stand.

the reviewing stand. There stood a bristling Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger and his angry Defense Minister, Gerhard Schröder. In a split that has ended eight months of harmony in the coalition Cabinet, Kiesinger and Schröder, both Christian Democrats, were embattled over projected cuts in West Germany's defense budget.

Not Amused. The Bundeswehr's 456,000 men constitute the strongest and best-equipped NATO force on the Continent, are deployed in the first layer of defense along the Iron Curtain from Schleswig-Holstein to Bavaria. Bonn's plans called for an expansion of the Bundeswehr over the next few years, but Kiesinger's Cabinet, worried about the economic slowdown in West Germany, two weeks ago decided to cut military expansion plans by about 25%. When a jet passed low over the Palais Schaumburg, in which the Cabinet was meeting, Interior Minister Paul

strength, especially since it hopes to recall some U.S. troops from Germany.* Defense Secretary Robert McNamara canceled a trip to West Germany; it was for him that the Munsterlager display had been planned.

Holding a Grudge. Kiesinger was furious. He went on TV to disavow Schröder, saying that "the Cabinet has by no means decided to cut the troop strength of the Bundeswehr to a considerable degree, let alone by 60,000 men." While overall cutbacks will be made in projected defense budgets through 1971, he said, the defense budget for the next four years will actually be larger than at present. Kiesinger was joined by Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, who holds a grudge against

* Washington thus got a taste of its own medicine. Kiesinger complained bitterly that he had had to learn of Washington's proposed cutback of U.S. troops in West Germany by reading the newspapers.

Schröder for fingering him, when Schröder was Foreign Minister, as the man who ordered the arrest of an editor in the 1962 *Der Spiegel* scandal. The ambitious Strauss, who aims at the chancellorship for himself one day and sees Schröder as a rival, accused Schröder of misleading the German public with "lies and deliberate propaganda."

After two or three meetings with Kiesinger, Schröder continued to insist that the cutback would mean a drop in army strength. His goading finally led Kiesinger to announce that he would make no decision on any changes in German armed strength before consulting President Johnson, whom he will visit in Washington beginning Aug. 15. Schröder so far has not been asked to go along. In fact, the two are not at all

aganda, split once more into rival factions and disappointed in their Russian allies, the Arabs seem no closer to any form of negotiation with Israel than they were when the "six-day" war ended six weeks ago.

In the United Nations, the Arab-Russian disillusionment reached its apex. Discouraged by their unsuccessful attempt to get the General Assembly to demand the withdrawal of all Israeli forces from Arab territory, the Russians, with American encouragement, tried to persuade the Arabs to accept a resolution that tied withdrawal to recognition of Israel. The Arabs indignantly turned it down. When Russia and the U.S. then voted with a majority of the Assembly to send the entire Middle East issue back to the Security Council, the Arabs accused the

view with TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs and Managing Editor Otto Feuerbringer, he said that he has lost all hope for an Arab summit conference, at which he had hoped to persuade his fellow Arabs to a more reasonable course—even though he continues to call for one. Jordan, he said, now found itself trapped between Communism and Zionism. It would still try to follow "the moderate way, as before," but the outlook "is not bright. The pressures are great, particularly the pressures of Arab extremism, which is not helping us solve the problems brought on by the current catastrophe," Hussein declares that he will not allow Jordan to slip into the Soviet orbit, is convinced that Jordan's future is still best served by friendship with the West. He has been encouraged by hints from Sec-



"DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO IF THEY START?"
Frozen despite all the heat.

compatible. The austere North German Defense Minister and the relaxed Swabian could hardly be more unlike in taste, temperament and several areas of policy. Schröder, the only unremitting Atlanticist in the coalition Cabinet, is resented by both Kiesinger and Strauss for emphasizing ties with Washington over those with Charles de Gaulle. But Kiesinger can hardly fire Schröder. He is the leader of the Protestant wing of the Christian Democratic Party, whose support the Catholic Chancellor needs, and was his party's choice for Chancellor after Kiesinger.

MIDDLE EAST

An Onslaught of Rigidity

A particularly virulent and popular commentator for Cairo's Voice of the Arabs named Ahmed Said last week called for instant death for any Arab leader who dares to open negotiations with Israel. Though Said is a better propagandist than politician, it was a foolhardy Arab leader indeed who could ignore his warning; the sentiments are shared by a large part of the population. Trapped by their own prop-

Russians of betraying them, promised to carry on the fight on their own.

Bear Hugs. As they listen to Arab fulminations, the Russians are becoming more cautious about their involvement with the Arabs. They gave a bear hug to Algeria's Houari Boumediene when he visited Moscow last week—but little else. They were aware that Boumediene is trying to stake a claim to leadership of the Arab left, but they made plain that Nasser is still their No. 1 man in the Middle East; after all, they have already replaced 200 of his 350 destroyed planes. Boumediene went to Moscow straight from Cairo, where five of the more militant and left-leaning Arab chiefs rattled threats against Israel, called for a "second round" of war when the time is ripe and made some big talk about damaging Britain and the U.S. with economic boycotts. "The Arab resistance will go on," cried Boumediene. "Continuous blows will be dealt to those who violate the sanctity of our countries and our peoples."

Jordan's King Hussein was so discouraged by what he heard in Cairo on his recent trip that he returned home to Amman in despondency. In an inter-

retary of State Dean Rusk that the U.S. might resume military aid to his country.

Conspicuous Showing. While the Arab position, despite Hussein's reasonable words, was rightly frozen by the hawkishness of the left, the Israelis were daily becoming more rigid in their own positions. It was quite apparent that they expect to hold the conquered territory for a long time. They hauled big guns and little patrol boats over the desert to the banks of the Suez Canal, where a handful of blue-helmeted U.N. observers finally took up positions to guard the cease-fire line, conspicuously flying the blue-and-white U.N. flag to ward off trigger-happy soldiers on both sides. They sent technicians into the Sinai desert to begin working the captured Egyptian oil wells, which could easily fulfill all of Israel's oil needs. And Premier Levi Eshkol, who had only a few weeks ago disavowed Defense Minister Moshe Dayan's statement about keeping the Gaza Strip, said last week that the area "must remain Israeli."

The Israelis were also becoming aggressive about details. They insisted that

the cease-fire line at Suez went right down the middle of the canal, and were ready to drop their little patrol boats into the water to establish legal precedent for the later passage of bigger Israeli shipping. The Egyptians, who insist that the cease-fire line is on the east bank, captured one boat, warned that any others put into the canal would be blasted out of the water. At week's end the only penetration of the canal was by some dusty Israeli troopers trying to cool off in the 120-degree heat.

NIGERIA

Fighting in the Mist

Teen-age girls and Teddy boys in tight pants, neatly dressed middle-class merchants and shoeless old men in tattered togas last week formed civil defense groups in besieged Biafra, the secessionist Nigerian state that is under attack from federal forces. Largely Ibo tribesmen, they joined together to resist an invading army that was made up mainly of the rival Hausa tribe, whose members last year slaughtered thousands of Ibos in Northern Nigeria. The Biafran volunteers searched automobiles at roadblocks, practiced grenade throwing and ambushing. At a Port Harcourt automotive assembly plant, Biafran engineers rolled out their first homemade tanks—trucks plated with armor. Mechanics in the railroad repair shop at Enugu, Biafra's capital, were busy making bombs for Biafra's lone B-26 bomber out of casings filled with nails, broken bottles and kerosene.

Grudging Concession. While this activity went on behind the lines, the fate of troops at the front was still shrouded in a mist of claims and counter-claims. First, the federal troops of Major General Yakubu Gowon announced that they had captured the university town of Nsukka on the wooded northwestern

plateau of Biafra, after days of shelling it with heavy mortars and howitzers. Radio Biafra grudgingly conceded the federal victory but accused the federals of using "white mercenaries who were painted black"—though no unprejudiced observer has spotted any such creatures. Then, next day, it proclaimed that Nsukka had been recaptured, a claim that the federals denied.

The truth seemed to be that the fighting had moved some 15 or 20 miles beyond Nsukka deeper into Biafra, and that the federal troops had simply moved through the city without bothering at first to garrison it. It was probably largely deserted anyway, since thousands of Nsukkans had fled the federal attack in trucks, taxis and mammy wagons, joined in the first retreat by large numbers of Biafra's inexperienced soldiers. The Biafran army consisted at secession of about 7,000 men, only 2,500 of them trained in the federal army—and those chiefly in supporting service roles rather than in combat. They are for the most part equipped only with rifles.

Rush to Rally. But the rout soon stopped. Major Chukwama Nzeogwu, 30, a hero of the 1966 coup that toppled Nigeria's civilian government and briefly installed Ibos in power (before a second revolt by Gowon's supporters that fueled the slaughter of Ibos), rushed to the front. "This is a war we must fight to win," he told the Biafran soldiers. "Anyone who runs away will be shot. You are better than the Northerners, all of you." To aid the Ibos regulars, more than 50,000 of the civil defense volunteers poured in from all over Biafra to fight at the front. Among these were the warrior Abam people, whose rites of manhood included until recently the acquisition of at least one human head—and whose only complaint was that they were not issued bags to hold the federal heads they hope to take.

There were thus ample signs that the war may prove to be a long one, though the "battles" so far have been rather modest skirmishes. The federals, their lines overextended in places, were tending to stick to the roads, while the Ibos, on home ground, were more and more fighting a guerrilla-like war. The Biafrans hope soon to have sturdier stuff with which to fight. They have ordered more than \$2.8 million in modern military equipment from abroad, and it is slowly seeping through the federal blockade.

AFRICANA

Elephants on a Binge

The 2,500 elephants that roam South Africa's huge Kruger National Park are normally friendly enough. Last week however, even park rangers kept their distance from the beasts. One elephant recently sat down on a Volkswagen and flattened it, though the two German tourists inside had time to escape. Others try to scratch themselves by rub-



ELEPHANT REACHING FOR MARULA FRUIT
Still in the stomach.

bing against autos, with unfortunate results for the bodywork. Some smash down boundary fences, uproot trees and chase African herdsmen; occasionally, they kill someone. Whether they turn vicious or merely playful, all of them sway and totter about a great deal, as if they were drunk. In fact, they are. Once a year at this time, Kruger Park's elephants go on one of the world's biggest binges.

The cause of it all is the tall marula tree, which right after the rainy season bears a succulent, plumlike fruit that the elephants love. Local Africans use the marula fruit to make a highly potent beer, but one elephant can eat enough fruit in a day to supply a whole village. Then the elephant goes to a water hole and drinks gallons of water. The result: its stomach immediately becomes a huge still in which the fruit ferments and forms alcohol. The elephant becomes hopelessly drunk, reeling around wildly and often standing up on its hind legs to reach more fruit. Each year the park's rangers have to shoot about 30 elephants who become mean drunks, and tests of their blood show a staggering alcoholic content. Most of the elephants go away to sleep off their hangovers, but they always come back for more. Unmindful of their reputation, they seem to forget what happened last time.

BOLIVIA

Operation Cynthia

*Down with the Yanquis,
Down, down.
Down with Barrientos.
Down, down.
We shall defeat the accursed forces.
Forward, forward.*

This song is heard these days in the rugged jungle country of southeastern Bolivia, where it is sung by a band of Castro-style guerrillas who are harassing the eleven-month-old regime of Pres-



OWON WITH CAPTURED EMBLEMS
One for the road.

ident René Barrientos. Though they number only about 100 men (some say as few as 60), the guerrillas have caused consternation in the Bolivian government and army. At first, Bolivia's army promised a speedy campaign and victory over the guerrillas. But it has found them so tough and elusive that President Barrientos three weeks ago even asked neighboring Argentina to send in some troops to help out. The Argentinians, feeling that Bolivia's 8,000-man army ought to be able to handle the guerrillas for now, refused.

A New Ambush. Led by Guido and Roberto ("Coco") Peredo, two Bolivian brothers who joined the country's Communist Party and visited Cuba in 1965-66, the guerrillas are armed with automatic weapons, grenades and modern

A French Protest. Barrientos, an ex-air-force general, has 2,500 men scouring the guerrilla area and several choppers flying look-out missions. The government's anti-guerrilla campaign, called "Operation Cynthia" after the commanding officer's daughter, so far has produced only eight captured guerrilla suspects, including a French leftist intellectual named Jules Régis Debray. A close Castro friend, Debray was picked up walking out of an abandoned guerrilla camp three months ago. Since then, he has told half a dozen conflicting stories, some of them implicating Cuba's long-absent revolutionist, Che Guevara, in the Bolivian operation. Last week's version was that Che organized the guerrilla uprising, then left for parts unknown. The Bolivian

Faith in Patience. When Castello Branco and current President Arthur da Costa e Silva (TIME cover, April 21) organized the 1964 military coup that toppled Lefist João Goulart, Brazil needed even more than truth. Communists and corruption were everywhere. The cost of living was climbing at the fantastic annual rate of 144% in Goulart's last year, and the Brazilian cruzeiro was barely worth the paper it was printed on.

Castello quickly introduced reforms, but he went at his job like a surgeon with a dull knife. In a series of decrees, he tightened credit, cut government spending 30%, canceled ruinous import subsidies, and brought the rate of inflation down to 41% by last year. To clean out Communists and political corruption, he stripped almost 800 Brazilians of their political rights and abolished all political parties except for a catchall government party and a token opposition. To guard against any return to the old ways, he also wrote a new constitution that provided for indirect presidential elections by Congress.

Castello Branco knew how to give orders and have them carried out, but had difficulty in making them liked or understood. Within a year after his rise to power, his methods had cost his government its earlier popularity, and the doughty little ex-general withdrew even further into himself. "A soldier learns patience," he once told a visitor. "I am a patient man." Prohibited from succeeding himself, he willingly left the limelight after Costa e Silva's inauguration as President in March. He spent most of his time with his family, was seen now and then at the opera in Rio, and took occasional trips to visit old friends. It was on such a trip last week that a small Piper Aztec in which he was flying collided with a jet training plane in the northeastern state of Ceará killing Castello, his brother and three others, including the pilot.

Bid to the Public. As Castello's successor, Costa e Silva is taking a new approach to Brazil's economic problems. Where Castello blamed excess demand for the country's inflationary troubles and tried to limit the amount of money in circulation, Costa's government is putting emphasis on industrial development to help meet the demand. Thus, in a recent three-year plan setting down guidelines for his administration, Costa called for an "acceleration of development" first and "containment of inflation" second. All that Costa seeks is "relative stability of prices" and "inflation inferior to the year before." Such a policy is part of his broader program to "humanize" the government and win back the public support that Castello lost. At the same time, Costa made it clear that other things have not changed. The day after Castello's plane crash, Hélio Fernandes, the editor of Rio's *Tribuna da Imprensa*, wrote an editorial bitterly attacking the ex-President. He was promptly arrested and confined to a small, rocky island off northeast Brazil.



PRISONER DEBRAY



PRESIDENT BARRIENTOS

With leaders from Cuba and sodas for the kids.

communication equipment. Their field of operation—a 1,300-sq.-mi. area that straddles important oil lands between Santa Cruz and Camiri—is steep and covered with thick, thorny vegetation and huge plants with leaves so sharp that they can slice through clothes and skin. The guerrillas first surfaced in March, when they ambushed and killed seven men on an army patrol. Since then, they have been striking once every two or three weeks. By last week they had killed 33 soldiers and civilians and lost only six or eight of their own men.

One of the boldest of the guerrillas is Antonio Negro, a Cuban who fought with Castro in the Sierra Maestra. A few weeks ago, Negro strolled into the small town of Saipurí, stole a truck and eight gallons of gasoline from a government-owned oil company, then fled with five soldiers as his prisoners. Last week a manifesto signed by Negro was making the rounds in La Paz, calling on Bolivians to make their nation a "strategic center of continental revolution." To win over peasants in the countryside, the guerrillas—apparently financed by Cuba—often pay double prices at the local stores as a friendly gesture, and buy soda pop for the kids; one of their doctors recently performed an appendectomy on a farm worker.

government's plan to try Debray has raised a storm of protest in France.

Bolivia is a bleak place that—in its 142 years of independence—has gone through at least as many different governments. With chronically rebellious students and tin miners to keep an eye on, and now guerrillas, Barrientos may sometimes feel that yet another change of government may be looming just ahead.

BRAZIL

The Price of Unpopularity

Thousands of government workers were given the day off for the funeral, but they preferred to flock to the beaches. The solemn salute of gunfire every ten minutes from Rio's forts went largely unnoticed. Thus, followed to the very end by the unpopularity that had been his lot in three years as an honest but uncharismatic President of Brazil, Humberto Castello Branco last week went to his grave at the age of 66, victim of a plane crash in the fifth month of his retirement. Said former Planning Minister Roberto Campos in a eulogy: "He had an aversion to easy promises and theatricalized results. He deeply dreaded creating false hopes in the people. He preferred to accustom the people to the discipline of truth."



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PEOPLE

There must have been a gap of at least ten seconds between Pediatrician **Dr. Benjamin M. Spock's** announcement of his possible presidential candidacy and the beginning of the jokes—like how he would turn the Pentagon into the Triangle and replace the rifle with the burp gun. Increasingly active as a speaker and marcher against U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, and co-chairman of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, the Great Pacifier told a press conference in Washington that SANE in 1968 "will energetically support" an antiwar candidate, even if he has to run himself. Meanwhile out in California, the jesters proposed *On the Good Ship Lollipop* as a campaign song for **Shirley Temple**, now Mrs. Charles Black, 39, wife of a San Francisco businessman and a dabbler in Republican politics, who announced that she will probably file for the congressional seat held by the late Republican J. Arthur Younger.

Choreographer Herbert Ross yelled "Go, go!" and off she went—about 30 yds, along Manhattan's Pier 36, turching like a sozzled sailor under the enmeshment of an ankle-length wool dress, high heels, a suitcase and make-up kit. It was one more rollicking day in the life of **Barbra Streisand**, movie star, and at that point the 25-year-old singer had staggered for an hour through the same one-minute scene in *Funny Girl* without getting it right. "My back hurts; my feet hurt!" yelled Streisand from her perch on a tugboat. "Now, now," consoled Producer Ray

Stark. "You're young and healthy and strong." "What do you mean?" wailed Barbra. "I'm a working mother."

His rhetoric consisted mostly of the repeated word "tremendous" as he watched 18 million gallons of water a minute cascading over Labrador's remote 245-ft. Churchill Falls. But everything else about **Winston Spencer Churchill**, 26, was suitably dashing as he donned construction helmet and oilskins for the ground breaking of the \$800 million, 4,500,000-kw. Churchill Falls hydroelectric project, named for his grandfather. Ceremony over, young Winston flew back to London to resume work on another, more typically Churchillian project—a book with his father Randolph about the Israeli-Arab conflict, entitled *The Six Day War*.

It certainly wasn't the first big fish that **Corrine Huff**, 26, ever caught, but it was the first blue marlin to fall for her hook, line and sinker. The former Ohio beauty queen, now chief secretary and consoler of Harlem's self-exiled Congressman, Adam Clayton Powell, entered the annual blue-marlin tournament in Bimini, first day out aboard *Adam's Fancy* made all the muscular males seavick by delicately hauling in a huge, 459-lb. blue. That was enough to win Corrine the tourney right there, but to make everyone more jealous she boated a 473-pounder two days later. Adam himself stayed out of the tournament, explained Sponsor Roland McCann, "so she would have the best chance of winning."

What ever happened to those two old chairs—one a Victorian rocker, one a stuffed armchair—that belonged to Glassboro State College President **Dr. Thomas Robinson**, 62, and were made famous by being sat upon by Lyndon Johnson and Aleksei Kosygin during the Glassboro summit conference? Robinson stood silent on the momentous matter, but the office of New Jersey Governor Richard J. Hughes disclosed that they had been shipped to Washington, along with an equally historic end table, as a gift for L.B.J. What then? "It's all a great big fat puzzle to me," said a Smithsonian man, as did a State Department man. Finally, White House Press Secretary George Christian spoke up. "The chairs are in storage, I guess."

"Princes are like to heavenly bodies," Sir Francis Bacon once wrote, but who would ever think that the Earl of Snowdon would take him so literally. There was intrepid Tony, 37, hanging onto a 15-ft. by 12-ft. yellow kite and soaring 70 ft. over the surface of Bedford Lake in Middlesex. Already an expert water skier, Lord Snowdon managed the tricky take-off on his first try, stayed aloft for ten gusty minutes. There was no word on when Princess Mar-



TONY ALOFT
Heavenly prince.

garet would attempt a fly-in, but Tony had their five-year-old son on water skis the next day, recommended the added kicks of kiting "to anyone who likes to live a little."

"Her torso must be well-formed, with the bustline not accentuated," read the criteria for the Miss Universe contest. Not pausing to quibble over semantics, the judges in Miami Beach looked over 56 nicely accentuated young ladies and selected the reigning Miss U.S.A., **Sylvia Hitchcock**, 21, to be the next Miss Universe. A Miami poultry farmer's daughter and an art major at the University of Alabama, the new queen plans to go into teaching if her head isn't turned by \$31,000 in baubles and the lure of Hollywood.



SYLVIA IN MIAMI BEACH
Nicely accentuated.



BARBRA ON THE DOCKS
Working mother.

MEDICINE

COSTS

Up, Up, Up

At Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, the daily rate for semiprivate rooms is now \$50—almost twice the rate ten years ago. At Manhattan's Mount Sinai Hospital, it costs \$410 to have a baby, compared with \$250 in 1957. At Houston's Methodist Hospital, patients are billed 25% more for anesthesia than in 1962. Everywhere, the story is the same (see graph). While the consumer price index rose 19% in the decade ending last year, U.S. medical costs shot up 42%. Just since 1966, hospital charges have jumped 18%.

In one sense, President Johnson's bright hopes for Medicare have been met: the system already pays 25% of the nation's hospital bills, and when Medicaid is fully utilized, within three years, the two Government-backed plans will pay more than 50%. Yet the relentless rise in medical costs has forced the Government to pay out \$100 million more than federal planners expected. As a result, taxpayers may be squeezed again. Warns Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee: "Some adjustment in the tax schedule supporting Medicare may be needed."

Third-Party Alibi. Enormous demand is pressing upon limited supply. While 156 million Americans now have some kind of private health insurance, poor planning is driving up prices. Though a sophisticated computer system may cut a hospital's labor force, such automation is not widely in use. Without good planning, improved care seems to require more employees. Since 1946, the number of hospital employees per patient has increased from 13 to 21. To hire more employees, hospitals must compete with industry: last year hospital wages rose 20%. And labor costs already make up 62% of hospital budgets.

Equally crucial is the lack of cost control. Hospital charges are now mainly the concern of third parties, such as insurance companies, that pay the patient's bill. Until now, insurance companies have met mounting costs by raising premiums—not by seeking more efficient hospitals. As economist Victor Fuchs puts it: "Almost no one has any incentive to be interested in the efficiency of the hospital as a whole."

Perverse Insurance. Doctors are partly to blame, sometimes allowing patients to go to the hospital when they might be treated or operated on just as well in the doctor's office. Indeed, Administrator Martin Ulan of New Jersey's Hackensack Hospital goes so far as to estimate that 50% of the patients in his hospital might be treated at home. Under many private insurance plans, however, the policyholder gets no payment unless he has been hospitalized. According to Dr. Ray Brown of Duke

University, "insurance actuaries have been the architects of the medical care system."

Quite apart from hospital costs is the rise in doctors' fees (up 5.8% last year), which now yield the U.S. doctor an average \$28,000 a year. Again, the chief reason is more demand than supply. While the U.S. population has grown by 28% since 1950, the number of private physicians has risen by only 14.3%. Meanwhile, the advent of Medicare and Medicaid has largely freed



doctors from the old tradition of undercharging needy and elderly patients.

Progress & Prognosis. The prognosis is not wholly grim, however. For one thing, the administrators of Medicare and Medicaid have considerable leverage to speed reforms. Example: they might establish schedules of maximum hospital charges and length of stay for each ailment. Private insurance companies could also follow Medicare's lead in covering a nurse's visits to the patient's own home. The fact that Medicare covers costs in nursing homes has already prompted construction of new homes, which should take some of the pressure off hospitals and provide care at much lower cost, one-third of board-and-room charges at many hospitals.

Some hospital administrators are be-

ginning to pay heed. By sending nurses out to 90 patients in their own homes, Hackensack Hospital is currently able to charge them \$18 a day v. the regular hospital fee of \$54. The American Hospital Association runs a nationwide accounting service, issues monthly reports enabling hospitals to compare their performance against the national average. Some hospitals are installing complex labor-saving devices, from super-sensitive instrument cleaners to automated chemical analyzers. In what the Government hopes may be a growing trend, hospitals are sharing costly equipment, operating joint power plants, laundry and purchasing departments; a few hospitals have completely merged. In New York State, a central planning council must approve new hospital construction—all toward the goal of rational planning and more economical treatment.

Doctors' fees are being cut here and there by group medical practice, which often produces better care as well as lower costs for the doctor. In some cases group practice combined with prepaid insurance plans has cut patient time in hospitals by 50%. To encourage this approach, Congress last year enacted a law providing low-cost FHA loans to build clinics for group practice.

For all the talk and ideas, though, progress is still extremely slow. As HEW Secretary John Gardner summed up the situation at a national conference on runaway costs last month: "Everyone seems to agree that the existing system—or lack of system—has rather marked shortcomings. But there is not yet substantial agreement as to what a more perfect system would look like."

NUTRITION

An Urge for Argo

"When I'm pregnant, it's just like taking dope," said the Negro woman bearing her ninth child at the District of Columbia General Hospital in Washington. "I can hardly wait to get home so I can get some more starch." She added, referring not to starchy foods but to laundry starch. "Sometimes I'll eat two or three boxes a day."

To their astonishment, Northern doctors have lately discovered that eating laundry starch is all the rage among Negro women—especially pregnant women—in many Northern-city slums. At D.C. General Hospital, Chief Obstetrician Dr. Earnest Lowe estimates that up to one-fourth of his patients are starch addicts. At Los Angeles County Hospital, three or four patients a week are diagnosed as having anemia apparently caused by starch binges.

Magnesias & Matzo. According to the few doctors who have studied the subject, the craving for laundry starch is an offshoot of the clay-eating habit still prevalent among some Southern Negroes. Those who migrate North sometimes receive packages of clay (known as "Mississippi Mud" in Los Angeles) mailed by friends back home, but most switch to laundry starch, which

is easier to obtain and apparently satisfies the same hunger.

Across the country, the preferred brand is Argo Gloss Starch, available in either the economy-size blue box at 19¢ or the handy red box at 11¢. Both contain chewy lumps that taste, according to one gourmet, like "a cross between milk of magnesia and matzo. The texture is that of an after-dinner mint." Like peanuts, one handful leads to another. "After a box of it," said one woman, "my throat gets kind of sticky, so I go and get a big glass of ice water. Then I get a powerful desire for more." Some enthusiasts spice laundry starch with salt and pepper; others munch it with ice chips. A few housewives wash it down with Coke.

Inexpensive Psychiatry. Argo representatives say that their laundry prod-



EATING STARCH IN WASHINGTON
As good as clay any day.

uct contains nothing but cornstarch, a common thickener for soups and desserts. (They also say the starch-eating habit is "rare.") According to medical opinion, eating large amounts of laundry starch often brings on anemia by blocking the body's absorption of iron. Some doctors state that overeating laundry starch may also cause a deficiency of folic acid, which in pregnant women may lead to premature births or bleeding near delivery time.

Whether starch gobbling results from a physical need or a cultural habit is a minor medical mystery. According to Manhattan Internist Harry Roselle, who sees many cases at St. Luke's Hospital, Negro women nibble starch in times of stress as a form of "inexpensive psychiatry." Many Negroes believe that starch prevents nausea during pregnancy. Indeed, some doctors agree that starch probably does soothe "morning sickness," though probably only for psychological reasons. Unfortunately, the other effects are all bad.



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MUSIC

FESTIVALS

Diddlidong at Dartmouth

"Diddlidong, dee, tong, boopeepee-deeboop, shoop," sang the sweater-clad conductor to the orchestra. Then, raising his baton, he said: "Now—again?" Frowning, the musicians tried again to make all the diddlidongs and shoops in German Composer Hans Werner Henze's *In Memoriam, Die Weiße Rose* sound the way the conductor said they should. And the conductor was in a position to know. It was Henze himself, rehearsing for the first of two concerts of his works last week in Hopkins Center on the campus of Dartmouth College in Hanover, N.H.

Tired of Beethoven. With two more concerts to come this week, Henze, at 41, is presenting what amounts to a retrospective show: eleven pieces composed between 1946 and 1965, including four premieres. It is all part of Dartmouth's five-year-old Congregation of the Arts, which each summer invites three composers to a fortnight of performing, reviewing and explaining a representative sample of their music. Carlos Chávez, the late Zoltán Kodály and Witold Lutosławski are among past composers in residence; Frank Martin

do get tired of playing Beethoven sonatas," explains Violinist Stuart Canin, who spends his winters as concertmaster of the Philadelphia Chamber Symphony. "Here you can be a creative musician again."

The Gap. Above all, the performers go to learn contemporary music from the men who compose it. In the small, bald-headed, intense figure of Henze, they confront a man whose intricately structured atonal writing has placed him in the first rank of European composers (TIME, May 24, 1963). "We give the composer and the performer the greatest possible contact," says Mario di Bonaventura, the Dartmouth music professor who directs the program. "It gives the performers an edge of confidence. They can always say, 'I played with Henze, and there's no doubt that I know how to play this.'"

As Henze led rehearsals last week—singing to illustrate his intentions, explaining why parts were written as they were, identifying errors in the printed score—it was clear that he was learning too. "If a musician asks me 'Why this?' and explains why it is difficult for him, he teaches me," says Henze. "There is a gap of understanding today between the composer and performers. Most composers don't care what kind of human being plays the music, and they make it too often senselessly difficult. If a musician insists that a passage is unplayable, I'll alter it. Nowadays, when everything is done by machinery, I think it is wonderful that something is left that can be done by hand—like love and music."

JAZZ

Still Roaring

My way was to get a cigar clenched between my teeth, my derby tilted back, knees crossed, and my back arched at a sharp angle against the back of the chair. I'd evis at the keyboard and then cavess it with endearing words: a pianist who grows, hums, and talks to the piano is a guy who is trying hard to create something for himself.

Willie the Lion Smith, 69, has been creating something for himself for more than half a century—and talking about it as fast as he could play it. With Fats Waller and James P. Johnson dead, he is the last of the great "stride style" pianists who flourished in Harlem in the '20s and '30s. The style—so named because the left hand shuttles between low notes and midrange chords in an ompah pattern—draws its riches from ragtime, and it requires a "two-fisted tickler" to make it roll.

Creativity & Brandy. The Lion still qualifies. Last week, during a duo-piano date with Jack Teagarden at Alumnus Don Ewell at Manhattan's Village Gate, he rippled off rocking arpeggios and lacy melodies in such original compositions as *Echoes of Spring* and *Pas-*

sionette; then, in up-tempo drivers like *I Found a New Baby* and *Sweet Georgia Brown*, he unleashed his juggernaut left hand to stride and stomp around the lower half of the keyboard while his right hand danced up high in finger-blurring filigrees or punched out syncopated chords. A resplendent showman in his red vest, derby and cigar (which he occasionally chomps in half during the heat of creation, especially



WILLIE THE LION SMITH

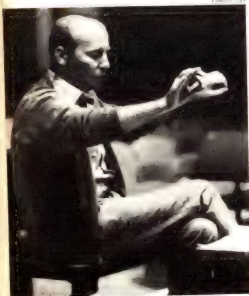
It takes a two-fisted tickler to roll.

when singing), he continues to strike inventive sparks off the keys. "All the time you got to come up with fresh ideas and play the old pieces different," he says. Creativity is part of his formula for longevity, along with brandy and "a good home life."

Born in Goshen, N.Y., to a Jewish father and a Negro-Indian mother, the Lion soaked up the blues songs of Negro work gangs, the gospel shouts of Baptist church services, and later, the honky-tonk music of the Newark, N.J., dives where he danced for pennies as a boy. At eight, he took to the piano and started "beautifying" the hymns he learned from his mother. He went professional at 14, working his way up in a rough saloon world of pimps, pickpockets, con men and gamblers.

Inspiration & Speakeasies. After serving in the infantry in World War I, where he says he got his nickname for bravery on the French front, he moved into Harlem's musical mainstream. With Waller and Johnson, he soon reigned over the local circuit of speakeasies, raucous rent parties and all-night "carving contests," in which pianists, cheered on by audiences that included many musicians, pulled out their full bag of tricks in attempts to top each other. "Those fellows," says Cornetist Rex Stewart, "were the inspiration of most of the guys on the New York scene, many of whom became greats in the swing world—Benny Carter, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman."

The stride stylists influenced a line



COMPOSER HENZE REHEARSING
Teaching the teacher too.

and Aaron Copland are Henze's predecessors and successor this year.

The performers at Dartmouth include a core of 20 professionals from such ensembles as the Houston, St. Louis and Metropolitan Opera orchestras, plus 100 students from Juilliard, Oberlin and other collegiate music centers. The students go partly to rub elbows with the pros, and the pros are drawn by the opportunity to play an eight-week festival of largely contemporary music. "You

The 7 Minute Cigarette.

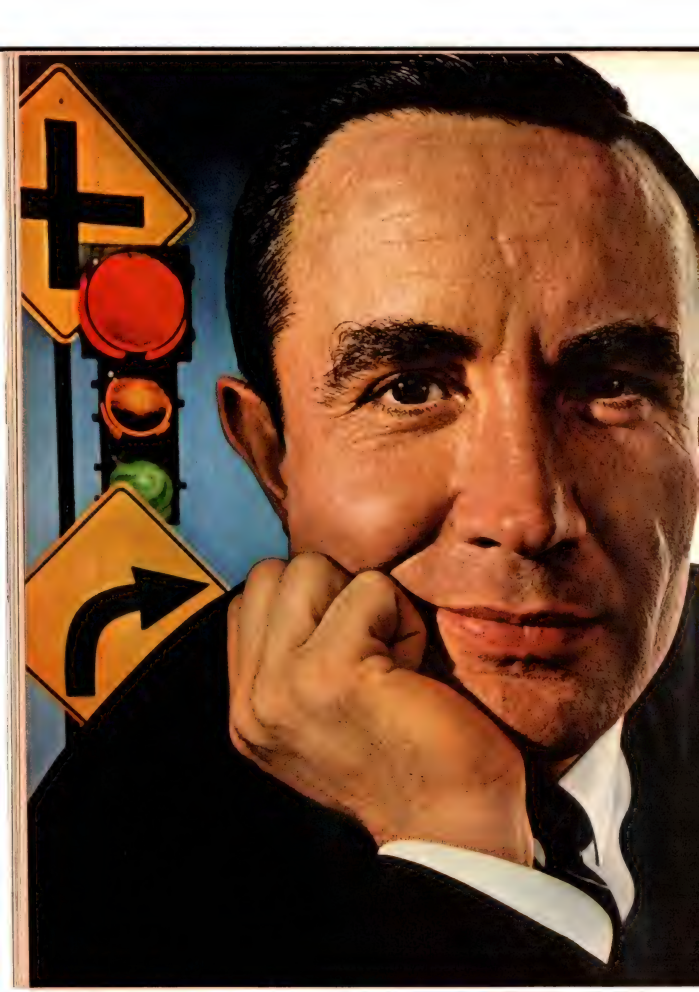
If you think it's just another cigarette,
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For example, Dr. Gazis and his IBM colleagues are now working with researchers at the Port of New York Authority to improve traffic flow through the busy Lincoln Tunnel, connecting Manhattan Island to New Jersey.

From sensing devices placed in one tunnel lane, traffic data is being relayed by telephone lines to computers at IBM's research center in Yorktown Heights, N. Y. The computers then transform this data into signals that activate a combination of signs and lights at the tunnel entrance during peak traffic periods, controlling the traffic flow in one tube of the tunnel.

The Port Authority's own researchers had previously shown in experiments that the duration of tunnel traffic congestion could be significantly cut. Now, the new strategies developed with the help of computers promise even more encouraging results in controlling the tunnel's specialized traffic situation.

Elsewhere too, the scientific approach of Dr. Gazis and his associates shows great promise for helping harried communities relieve the nerve-frazzling, time-wasting, money-draining delays of traffic congestion.

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of jazz pianists from Duke Ellington and Count Basie to such modernists as John Lewis and Theolonious Monk. Yet the stride heritage is waning fast, and the Lion is as outspoken on the subject as he is on everything else. "A good many modern pianists," he snorts, "tinkle with their left hand while their right is going nowhere. Modern style, they call it; I call it cheating." But of course he is prejudiced. "There's nothing more beautiful," he believes, "than a two-fisted pianist."

RECORDS

The Turkish Tycoons of "Soul"

It was a crisis in domestic diplomacy for Turkey's Ambassador to the U.S., Mehmet Munir Ertegun, His sons Nesuhi and Ahmet had conceived a most un-Turkish enthusiasm for *caz* and *yantiriki*—Turkish for the jazz and blues music of the American Negro. Their rooms overflowed with a collection of 25,000 records. They invited touring musicians to the embassy near Sheridan Circle for noisy Sunday afternoon jam sessions. They flouted the racial mores of the day in Washington by staging jazz concerts before mixed audiences. Their mother nervously told friends that the boys were "doing research in American folk music." The ambassador kept telling himself it was a passing fancy.

It was wrong. Today, after 25 years, 49-year-old Nesuhi and 43-year-old Ahmet are stronger than ever for *caz* and *yantiriki*—and it is paying off. As president and vice president of Manhattan-based Atlantic Records, they head one of the largest and fastest-growing record firms in the country, and are riding atop the most pervasive pop-music tide in years: the "soul sound."

Searing Conviction. "Soul" combines searing emotional conviction, a surging rhythmic pulse, and earthy-poetic lyrics in updated variations on the Negro blues tradition. Long a staple of the "rhythm and blues" packaged for a chiefly Negro market, soul has increasingly influenced the work of white performers—notably rock 'n' rollers, many of whom frankly imitate Negro originals. Now, after the success of such Negro singers as Lou Rawls and Dionne Warwick, the authentic soul sound has come into its own in the white, teen-dominated pop market. "It satisfies a thirst for the idiomatic, the untrammeled, the pure," explains Atlantic's other vice president and co-owner, Jerry Wexler, 50. "After all that farina and honey, the audience wants some cornbread and butter."

Atlantic has it, and has had it for 20 years. Although Atlantic also does pop (Sonny & Cher, Bobby Darin) and jazz (Charles Lloyd, Modern Jazz Quartet), two-thirds of its single releases and half of its albums feature such soulers as Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, Percy Sledge, and—on its associate Negro label, Stax—Otis Redding and Carla



WEXLER (LEFT), NESUHI & AHMET ERTEGUN
Handsome return on an expensive hobby.

Thomas. Thanks mainly to their vibrant, visceral performances, Atlantic this year has produced six singles that have sold a million copies apiece, and two of its albums have grossed \$1,000,000. Last month it had 18 disks among the 100 bestselling singles, an alltime industry record. Its total sales are now running 50% ahead of last year and more than 500% of five years ago.

Freewheeling Sessions. All of which makes for a handsome return (just how much they decline to say) on what began as an expensive hobby for the Erteguns. They stayed in the U.S. after their father's death in 1944 to pursue advanced degrees, Nesuhi planning to return to Turkey as a journalist, Ahmet as a teacher. But Nesuhi gravitated into a career on the West Coast that included editing a record magazine, producing jazz albums and teaching a course on jazz at U.C.L.A. And Ahmet could not resist a "short-term" recording project in 1948. That was the beginning of Atlantic. Before long he had signed Joe Turner, LaVern Baker and the great Ray Charles. Wexler went with the firm in 1953 and Nesuhi joined the following year (the brothers eventually became U.S. citizens). All three men take a hand in most of the company's freewheeling recording sessions—writing a tune or lyric, working out an instrumental background as they go along. "We're not business people," says Wexler, "but music people."

But they are business people enough to spot a vast new market opening up. Foreign sales, sparked by a great enthusiasm for Negro blues in Europe, have gone from practically nothing two years ago to a quarter of Atlantic's volume. "Blues music is so simple, sincere and beautiful that it has a universal audience," says Ahmet. "It's the only international pop music in the world."

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ONCE THIS TOWN'S WATER HAD A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA

Oakland, Maryland, has had serious water problems for years.

This agricultural community of 2000 has lived with the dangers of flash spring floods. And critical water shortages during fall droughts.

These crises can be traced to an antiquated water system, dozens of dry Garrett County wells and a lack of flood control.

Oakland had growth problems too. Industries shy away from towns without water. Businessmen avoid towns with flash floods. In fact, a large food-processing company turned down cold an Oakland plant site.

In 1959, Oakland's water situation was desperate. Even under strict rationing, the town had to haul water from Lake Herrington eight miles away. Two 2000-gallon tank trucks had to work around the clock hauling lake water.

They dumped it, fish scales, tadpoles and all, into Oakland's water system. Then the raw water was doused with chlorine and pumped into thirsty mains.

Six weeks later, a number of townspeople had been arrested for violating the strict rationing laws, and the town was scared. Then the crisis ended. But the problem remained.

Mayor Russell Smith and the town council knew something had to be done. The town had to find a new water source and to use it. Oakland needed money.

First, the town charter was amended to permit more borrowing power. Limits were raised from 1 to 12 percent

of assessed value. The proposal passed unopposed. So did the \$500,000 bond issue.

Then Mayor Smith called in a team of engineers. They evaluated and projected Oakland's water needs to the year 2000. Recommendations included six flood-control dams, a new pumping station on the Youghiogheny River and a new water-treatment plant.

Today, five of the dams are operating. So are the pumping and water-treatment operations. Oakland's water supply has doubled. There hasn't been a flood or a serious water shortage in Oakland since 1961. And the sixth dam, a 138-acre, flood-control water-storage project, is in the planning stages.

Four new businesses have already moved into the area now that Oakland's days of floods, fish scales and tadpoles are over.

Oakland's problems aren't completely solved yet. But its 2000 people aren't worried about water anymore.

What's happening in Oakland can happen anywhere farsighted people do something about water problems. Today, some 40 million Americans live with water problems that need to be solved.

That's a lot of people waiting for a few to act.

Find out what you can do by sending for "It's Time We Faced America's Water Problem," Dept. T-47, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill.

ART



YUGOSLAV BEEHIVE PAINTING

By a fellow who may have known his subject only too well.

FOLK ART

Honey in the Honeycomb

Upper Slovenia may sound like Lower Slobhovia to the uninitiated, but all good apiculturalists know that this portion of the Alps, located in Yugoslavia, is headquarters for one of the sweetest forms of folk art ever practiced. From the early 1700s until the beginning of the 20th century, beekeeping flourished in Upper Slovenia, and mountaineers ornamented their long, flat hives with small, gaily painted panels. So beguiling are they that collectors from Switzerland, Austria and even France have lately taken to combing the hills to find them. And last week, to show their richness and variety, the Ethnographical Museum in Ljubljana put on display 300 beehive paintings from museums and private collections.

Originally, beehive paintings were crude designs to ward off evil spirits; favorite subjects were the Madonna, the saints, and especially Job, the patron saint of beekeepers. As the generations progressed, painted hives became a status symbol: prosperous owners hired itinerant painters to decorate each hive with as many as 60 panels. Styles became baroque, subjects sly and secular, with folk tales and local gossip predominant. One panel, dated 1890, may have been done by an artist who knew his subject all too well. It shows a red-shirted farmer, holding a beehive, as he falls from a ladder that has been charged by a bull. One can almost hear the angry buzz.

Some beehive paintings depict fanciful versions of historical events: Serbian warriors battling invading Turks, and even American Indians tomahawking white pioneer women on the old frontier. With the rise of world sugarcane production and the replacement of wax candles by incandescent bulbs, beekeeping has been on the decline for some time in Yugoslavia. But for the

folk-art fancier, there is still plenty of honey in the old hives: genuine antique beehive paintings now bring up to \$1,600 apiece. And at least one enterprising Slovenian, Vid Sedej, 28, is doing a brisk business selling his contemporary versions of beehive paintings at \$3 apiece.

MURALS

Paint Big

The usual aftermath of tearing down a house in one of Manhattan's more dilapidated sections is a drab parking lot enclosed by scabby brick walls. Artist Allan D'Arcangelo, 37, had a different idea. Seized like many another artist these days with the urge to Paint Big, D'Arcangelo grasped at the opportunity offered by a landlord who owns a five-story tenement next to a parking lot in Manhattan's East Village. The landlord agreed to turn over the side of his building to be used for a mural, put up the price of the paints and the use of a professional scaffolder (total: \$700).

Working from scale drawings and with the aid of the scaffolder, the artist finished his masterwork in just 21 days. The result: a 50-ft. by 60-ft. bucolic semiabstract that shows 36-ft.-high green grass growing, a blue sky, a white cloud and a red and yellow towerlike structure. There is also an arrow pointing topside—in case anyone needs to know which way is up.

The mural has fascinated local residents—a mixed bag of Village hippies, Poles, Ukrainians and Puerto Ricans. "At first," says D'Arcangelo, "they thought it was going to be some sort of a sign, and kept asking which company was putting it up. We kept telling them, 'We are painting this for you.' Pretty soon, they began to like the idea." Only problem: if a new building goes up in the parking lot, there goes the mural, sealed off from sight between old wall and new.

PAINTING

Master of the Wharves

August 5, 1830. Having done all my usual duties at the office, I thought I would go down to see how the pictures by Salmon would sell. They are all of them very pretty, but I held in exceedingly well until the close, when one came up which I could not resist, and immediately repented of the act.

—Charles Francis Adams

Fortunately for Adams, it was too late. The auctioneer's hammer had already fallen, and the painting was delivered in due time to its new owner. "I was confirmed of my opinion of its merit," noted the crusty diarist judiciously on Sept. 24. Posterity agrees with his evaluation. In the 1830s, a maritime scene by Robert Salmon (see color) brought around \$30 apiece. Today, Salmons sell for between \$10,000 and \$15,000. A recent exhibit of 93 canvases at the DeCordova Museum in Lincoln, Mass., organized with the help of Dartmouth Art Historian John Wilmerding, drew some 8,000 visitors, and resulted in the rediscovery of 30 Salmons by dealers and Boston families.

An Eye for Reality. To be sure, Salmon is esteemed by 20th century Brahmins for slightly different reasons from those which made him Boston's most fashionable marine painter of his day. Having plied his trade for 30 years as a relatively unknown maritime artist in Liverpool and Scotland, Salmon emigrated to Boston in 1828 at the age of 53. He found it the center of youthful America's bustling maritime commerce. Prosperous merchants commissioned portraits of their stately briggs and packers, much as dotting marmas demand likenesses of their children.

Salmon, described as "a small man, unmistakably Scotch, a man of very quick temper," soon had all the commissions he could handle. The Boston Daily Advertiser praised him because "his views are always correct, seeming like the present reality of the thing represented." His literalness appealed to Boston's practical Yankees, and until 1840, when he dropped from sight, his client roster included virtually every merchant family in Boston.

A Touch of Genius. The names of the ships that Salmon sought to immortalize are mostly forgotten, but his views of the waterfront retain their honesty and vigor. For his backdrops, he rarely ventured farther north than Nahant or south beyond Squantum, and his finest canvases detail the disciplined confusion of the wharves in Boston's central harbor. Beyond being a realist, Salmon also had a touch of genius. He was the first painter to bring English landscape techniques to the New World; in fact, his style was much imitated by New England artists. Says Dartmouth's Wilmerding: "Anyone with an eye could see that he had the talent of an artist. He could infuse his scenes with the quality of light."



Spyglass views (above) magnify details of Robert Salmon's 1829 "Wharves of Boston," capture bustle of dockside. Quincy Market rotunda (far right) is still harbor landmark.



Overall panorama was intended as portrait of majestic three-masted merchant vessel on right and was probably commissioned by prosperous New England trader who owned her.

Despite crest on sail, ship has never been identified, but crisp details, brim-lap or wavelets, judicious maritime clutter bring to life a sultry summer's day of more than a century ago.

**This oak tree can drink up to
300 gallons of water a day.
But it uses less than one
quart for making wood.**

At the tips of its roots, through tiny root hairs, a tree drinks water. Gallons every day. This water flows up through microscopic channels in the trunk, then out into the branches, and, finally into the leaves.

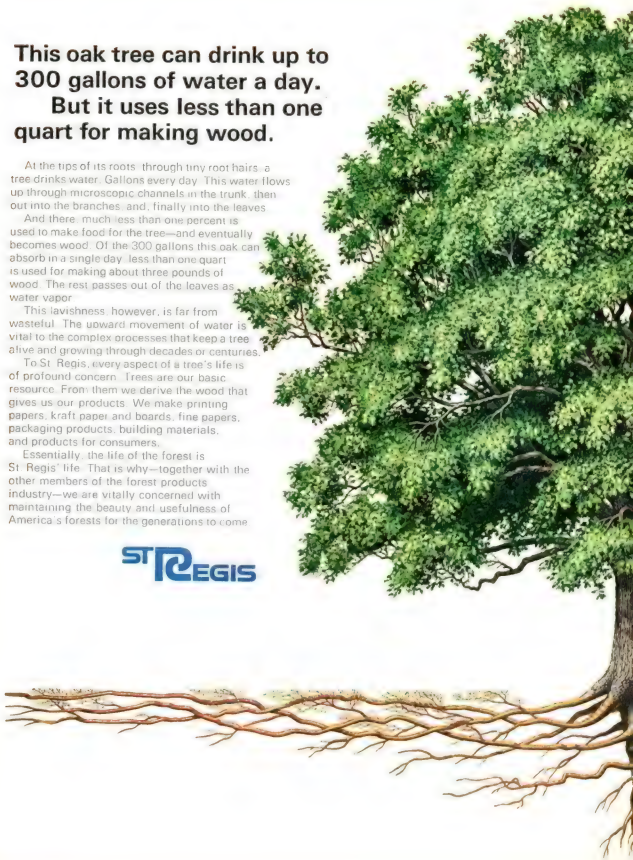
And there, much less than one percent is used to make food for the tree—and eventually becomes wood. Of the 300 gallons this oak can absorb in a single day, less than one quart is used for making about three pounds of wood. The rest passes out of the leaves as water vapor.

This lavishness, however, is far from wasteful. The upward movement of water is vital to the complex processes that keep a tree alive and growing through decades or centuries.

To St. Regis, every aspect of a tree's life is of profound concern. Trees are our basic resource. From them we derive the wood that gives us our products. We make printing papers, kraft paper and boards, fine papers, packaging products, building materials, and products for consumers.

Essentially, the life of the forest is St. Regis' life. That is why—together with the other members of the forest products industry—we are vitally concerned with maintaining the beauty and usefulness of America's forests for the generations to come.

ST REGIS





In the leaves: Some of the most important work done in a plant is done in the leaves. The leaves are the main site for photosynthesis, the process by which plants make their own food. They also take in carbon dioxide from the air and release oxygen. The leaves are also the main site for transpiration, the process by which water is lost from the plant through small openings called stomata.



The water from the roots is transported through the plant by a system of tubes called the xylem. The water is pulled up from the roots by a process called transpiration pull. This pull is created by the evaporation of water from the leaves, which creates a negative pressure that draws water up from the roots.

The food made by the leaves is transported through the plant by a system of tubes called the phloem. The food is moved from the leaves to other parts of the plant, where it is used for energy and growth. This process is called translocation.


Root systems have three main types: taproot, fibrous, and rhizome. Taproot systems have a single, large, central root that grows deep into the soil. Fibrous root systems have many small roots that grow close to the surface of the soil. Rhizome root systems have roots that grow horizontally along the surface of the soil.



The roots are the main source of water and nutrients for the plant. They also anchor the plant in the soil. The roots are made up of many small root hairs, which increase the surface area of the root system and allow for more efficient absorption of water and nutrients.

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How can Anaconda take out ore by dropping it down a hole in the ground?

An aerial photograph of a massive open-pit mine. A winding road snakes up the left side of the pit. A long conveyor system, consisting of a surface section and an underground section, leads from the top right down into the pit. The pit itself is a deep, terraced excavation with steep, rocky walls. The surrounding landscape is rugged and hilly.

By usual practice, huge ore trucks would roar up ramps out of the pit, struggle over several miles of winding road to the crusher plant. Slow, expensive haulage—too costly for ore that averages only 15 pounds of copper per ton.

So here at Cananea, Sonora, Mexico, Anaconda came up with a new idea. Put gravity to work at the start. Loaded ore trucks run only inside the pit, mainly downhill, to dump their loads down this

① 500-foot shaft.

② Here, under the ore body, a crusher reduces ore chunks to a size that can be handled on a conveyor.

③ Then a mile-long conveyor system, partly underground and partly on the surface, speeds the ore to the start of the ore processing line.

④ At this point, ore handling costs have been cut 90%. Another marginal copper ore body has become a producing open-pit mine. And a substantial addition has been made to the world's copper reserves. It's another example of how Anaconda is constantly advancing the skills and sciences involved in obtaining vitally needed metals from the earth. The Anaconda Company, 25 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10004.

KT101

SHOW BUSINESS

BOX OFFICE

Upsurge for the Movies

At the Moscow Film Festival last week, Jack Valenti, go-go president of the Motion Picture Association of America, seemed to be working as hard for old boss L.B.J. as for the M.P.A.A. Finding the loss in Viet Nam a "troubling sore point" among the Soviets, Valenti gave his hosts the highest assurance that President Johnson "wanted peace and an honorable settlement." After all, explains Jack, during his White House days he read "every raw inch of intelligence that crossed the President's desk." Otherwise, Valenti found "the spirit of Glassboro very much alive and breathing" during his mission to Moscow, proudly announced that the dozen U.S. entries pulled more than half the festival attendance.

The box-office news was bullish at home too, as Valenti issued an annual report—his first and the association's first since 1956. Items:

► Box-office gross in the U.S. was up 11% in 1966, to \$980 million, and will keep climbing this year. The 1967 projection of \$1,005,000,000, though, is far below the all-time high of \$1,594,000,000, set in 1947 before TV.

► Overseas grosses of the major U.S. studios last year rose 12% over the 1964-66 average, providing 53% of Hollywood's total take.

► The number of pictures produced by major Hollywood studios is up 22% so far this year, should hit 200 by December, the most since 1961.

► The number of movie houses in the U.S. increased to 13,400, up 400 over last year. The trend is toward shopping-center sites in the suburbs, where 75% of the new houses are located.

Bigger Haul. One factor in the improvement of movie fortunes is the success of road shows, the reserved-seat blockbusters that are increasingly occupying the major theaters. "Road shows," says 20th Century-Fox President Darryl Zanuck, "have put motion back in motion pictures and put the industry back in high gear." It was Zanuck's exploitation of the road show, beginning with *The Longest Day* in 1962, that turned the Fox ledger's \$40 million loss that year into a \$12.5 million gain in 1966. Altogether this year, the studios will release eight road-show films, next year at least ten. Last week half of Variety's top ten grossers in the U.S.—*Thoroughly Modern Millie*, *Sand Pebbles*, *A Man for All Seasons*, *Grand Prix*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*—were on a reserved, or "hard-ticket," basis.

Zanuck and his counterparts have found, as one of them put it, that "the road show is a gamble over a longer haul for a bigger haul." The haul is longer because hard-ticket attractions involve higher production and promotion costs; and since they generally play only

once or twice a day in only one theater, they can't gross as much, even with their higher admission prices, as the standard release that runs five times a day all over town. The haul gets bigger, however, when the hard-ticket show goes into the second-run, or "grind," theaters at regular prices. By that time, it seems like a bargain and often does S.R.O. business. The studios also calculate that the extra prestige and promotion for a road show ultimately enhance its TV sales price.

So far, the road-show gamble has almost always paid off. Despite industry fears, the public has not balked at the \$2.50-\$5.50 hard-ticket range. "Price is not an objection," says Columbia Pictures President Abe Schneider. "They'll pay anything to see what they want." So willing is the public, in fact, that buyers have already booked up and bought out 78 benefit performances for the Manhattan engagement of *Funny Girl*. That film, starring Barbra Streisand, only began shooting two weeks ago and won't open until September 1968. *Star*, a Gertrude Lawrence biography with Julie Andrews ("queen of the road shows"), is expected to open the same week with a record \$1 million advance. Inevitably, all this new zip in the industry has inflicted new worries on one or two studio people. "If there are too many special pictures," said an executive last week, "they won't be special any more."

THEATER ABROAD

Desire Under the Tent

Pablo Picasso should have stuck to painting. Back in 1941, he wrote a play called *Le Désir Attrapé par la Queue* (Desire Caught by the Tail). It was a jumble of absurdist fantasies, peopled with characters named Big Foot, Fat Anxiety, Thin Anguish, Round End and Onion. There was no plot—just a splattering stream of Freudian chaos, a surrealist carnival revue dwelling on food, money and sex. *Le Désir* was performed twice, by experimental theaters in Manhattan and Vienna; shortly after the play was written, a cast headed by Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir gave it a formal reading in Paris under Albert Camus' direction. Nobody else had tried it since; the show is more of a happening than a play.

Exactly! thought Jean-Jacques Lebel, the "pope" of European happenings. Last week, as part of his Festival of Free Expression, he and his hairy band of happeners staged the show in a blue tent pitched on the outskirts of the seaside resort of St. Tropez.

The cast, which included Strip-teaser Rita Renoir as "Tart," entered against a background of a pile-driving rock-'n'-roll band, go-go girls, and slides of Picasso paintings projected on the backdrop. Tart got right down to business, stripped to the waist and shim-

mied around wildly, while the rest of the ensemble cavorted about in a grotesque little dance.

The action throughout was punctuated with flashes of eerie light and sound effects of thunder, lightning, sirens, whistles and whooshing jets. Exclaimed Big Foot at the close: "We sprinkle the rice powder of angels on the soiled bed sheets and turn the mattresses through blackberry bushes! And with all power the pigeon flocks dash into the rifle bullets! And in all bombed houses, the keys turn twice around in the locks!"

The performance may not have been exactly what Picasso had in mind, but the audience of 600 found it stimulating, clapped loudly after every scene. As for a much-publicized urination scene

PIERRE MARTEL



STRIPPER RENOIR IN PICASSO'S PLAY
With all the power of a pigeon flock.

—one reason why the mayor of St. Tropez had prohibited the performance in his town—it was, all things considered, a model of discretion: Tart squatted in the middle of the stage while the sound track made appropriate noises.

"We had to keep that scene," says Lebel. "We're not at liberty to emaculate a work of art in order to pander to bourgeois sentiment." Still, he would have felt better if there had been just a few cries of moral outrage on opening night. "The fact that there's so much opposition to the kind of thing we're doing," he explains, "is what gives me faith that we're on the right road."

ACTRESSES

Hayley at 21

When 14-year-old Hayley Mills won a special Oscar for her 1960 performance in the title role in *Pollyanna*, Producer Walt Disney predicted that she would mature "into an actress more beautiful than Elizabeth Taylor and more talented than any star in motion pictures." He was not far wrong. To-



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day, Hayley Mills lacks only Liz's animal splendors. At 21, she is prettier than her pictures, and a natural actress of growing authority and range.

Hayley came of age as a performer this month with the release of the poignant British comedy *The Family Way* (TIME, July 14). Playing a young newlywed, she gives an affecting portrayal through a difficult and delicate metamorphosis of moods. She is vulnerable as the courted virgin, bemused and forgiving at her raucous wedding reception, exquisitely graceful in a kitchen bathtub scene, and ineffably tender when her husband proves temporarily impotent. What is most telling about her talent is that she has survived many cloying movie roles without picking up Hollywood tricks or mannerisms; the keynote of her performance is an overpowering honesty.

Marquee Names. Looking back now, Hayley feels she was too dependent too long on her family. Until she was 19, her parents picked all her film roles. That seems understandable enough, since her father is Actor John Mills (*Times of Glory*), one of Britain's peerless pros, and her mother is Playwright Mary Hayley Bell. When the family was not on location, Hayley grew up in Berkeley Square, or on a Kent farm, and was educated at Elmhurst Ballet School. She and her brother Jonathan and sister Juliet were warned that the theater was "a jungle." But just in case, recalls their mother, "I made sure I gave them names that would look nice on a marquee." Juliet, 25, is a West End actress, and Jonathan, 17, is a budding director. Hayley got into lights at age twelve when Film Director J. Lee Thompson saw her riding horseback and decided to test her for a part originally intended for a boy. She won, and stole the film—the 1960 thriller *Tiger Bay*.

That led to her long-term Disney contract—and *Pollyanna*, *The Parent Trap*, *The Castaways*, *Summer Magic*, *The Moon Spinners* and *That Darn Cat*. "Even though the stories weren't very real and the characters were essentially cardboard," she says, "I was learning the mechanics of my craft, and had a chance to indulge myself." But not too much. "It I got good notices for something," she recalls, "my family just said, 'That's very nice, dear. Now go and make your bed.'"

In between what she called the "goody-good" or "frilly-knickers" Hollywood films, she bit off some more demanding parts back home, including two in works written by her mother, *Whistle Down the Wind* and *Gypsy Girl*. The family, however, vetoed one particularly gamy role: the lead in *Lolita*. She was 14 then, and sees now that "I wasn't ready for it."

Fellow Travelers. Her chance to grow up came finally with *Family Way*. Along the way, she flipped for her co-director-producer, Roy Boulting. "Somehow," she says now, "falling in love on



MILLS & BOULTING
So much for Pollyanna.

a set struck me like people falling in love with their psychiatrist or dentist or something. It sounds so foolish." Sticks-in-the-mud have made much of the fact that Boulting is 54, is in the process of divorcing his third wife, and that he and Hayley travel together. "Goodness," says Hayley, "some people are old-fashioned, aren't they?"

Meanwhile, the two are preparing to collaborate again on their next film, *A Nice Girl Like Me*. "It's quite a marvelous story," Boulting says, "about a girl who gets involved in various love affairs. In a way, she's like Hayley—brave, adventurous, free, although brought up in a conventional way."

TELEVISION

Oh, Baby

Daytime television's big rage nowadays is the leering "game" show: *The Dating Game*, *The Newlywed Game*, *The Family Game*. All involve calling upon men and women contestants to answer intimate questions about each other; these confrontations titillate the womenfolk at home, who presumably indicate their gratitude by rushing out to the supermarkets to buy countless boxes of soap and cans of hair spray. Last week a Hollywood packaging agency announced that it was working up yet a new variation on the theme. It will be called *The Newly Pregnant*. "Specifically," explained one of the producers, "it's a group of three pregnant women who appear onstage while their husbands are kept in an isolation booth. The women are asked questions about raising children. Then they go into the booth, and their husbands are asked the same questions. The couple whose answers most nearly match win complete free hospital care and perhaps layettes and things like that."

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MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

Tips About Trips to the U.S.S.R.

Now that the Soviet Union has rebuilt the cities that were devastated by the German army in World War II, and now that the Cold War tension of the Stalinist era has eased, Russia is becoming an increasingly popular target for tourists. In 1956, fewer than 500,000 foreigners were adventurous enough to travel through the U.S.S.R.—one-eighth the number that visited France the same year—and about three-quarters of them were from the Communist countries of Eastern Europe. This year, which marks the 50th anniversary of the Revolution, Russia expects more than 1,500,000 tourists. At least half of them will be dutiful European Communists. But there will be many French and British, a few Arabs and Africans, and about 25,000 Americans (up from 2,000 a decade ago).

If the Soviets have come relatively late to the realization that tourism is an excellent way to win friends and earn foreign exchange, they are rapidly making up for lost time. At the moment, hotels in Moscow are going up everywhere, including Moscow's vast Russia Hotel, now partly open, to be completed this fall. It will be the world's largest, with 3,182 air-conditioned rooms. Imitating the U.S.'s interstate highway system, Russia is building 39,000 miles of two- and four-lane paved roads—punctuated by 40 new motels. Formerly closed cities are being opened up, and internal flight schedules are being expanded. This fall, Pan Am and Aeroflot expect to commence direct flights between New York and Moscow (9 hr. 10 min., \$548 on the 21-day excursion plan). And to make sure the tourist flow keeps up, Intourist, the state-run travel agency, is now priming the pump in good capitalist fashion with a \$1,000,000-a-year advertising budget abroad.

Beating the Queue. The Russia that Intourist offers, according to recent visitors, is long on art, buildings and the accomplishments of the Soviet Union (see *color*), but short on contact with the people. Still, as Mrs. A. Barnett Blakemore, wife of the dean of the Chicago Theological Seminary, found, "there's hardly a place where you can get more for your travel dollar."

Almost inevitably, the first stop in Moscow is the Kremlin, which was opened to tourists nine years ago. Within its massive crenelated walls is a dense microcosm of Russian history, from lovely churches and 17th century palaces to its most recent addition, the modernistic 6,000-seat Palace of the

Congresses. Though the Russians themselves silently queue up for Lenin's tomb outside the Kremlin in a permanent line stretching halfway across Red Square, Intourist guides slip foreign tourists in near the front, and waiting time rarely exceeds 20 minutes. Due decorum is advised: one U.S. tourist was asked by the guards to take his hands out of his pockets to show respect.

"Dollar Shops." The Moscow Metro, prime example of Russia's cleanliness, with its magnificently mosaicked underground stations, is another must,



TOURISTS IN BUKHARA

Just don't be careless or impulsive.

as are the museums of art (particularly the Pushkin and the Tretyakov). Americans who drop into GUM, the mammoth department store, must be prepared for elbowing crowds and the Soviet system of shopping: the customer prices the item he wants, then pays for it in advance at the cashier's desk; returns to the display counter with receipt in hand to claim his purchase. Much better bargains are available to Americans at the "dollar shops" (called *Beriozkai*), which accept foreign exchange only, in return offer large discounts on everything from black caviar (81¢ an ounce) to folk art.

Avoid from a few tame youth cafés and sedate "Western-style" ballrooms from out of the 1930s or so, there is nothing resembling a nightclub in Moscow or elsewhere in the U.S.S.R. More interesting places to go in the evening: the Moscow Circus (bike-riding bears, acrobats on horseback) and the Bolshoi Ballet (6:30 p.m. sharp).

"White Nights." For most tourists, Leningrad, the old czarist capital of St. Petersburg and cradle of the Revolution, with its superb setting on the Neva River, is the handsomest city in the Soviet Union. Number one draw is the Hermitage Museum, which contains a dazzling art collection of nearly 3,000,000 works that includes a whole room of Rembrandts, and the world's finest assemblage of Gauguins, Matisse and early Picassos. Two other great sights: the Peter and Paul Fortress housing the tombs of all the Romanovs (from Peter the Great to Alexander III (except Peter II), and the baroque gardens of Peterovets, the old Summer Palace, 40 minutes outside town on the Gulf of Finland. A delightful summertime consequence of Leningrad's northern location is the "white nights"—it stays light until around midnight and never gets totally dark. Another consequence: summer evenings as chill as 40°.

For a warmer and sunnier climate, there is ancient Kiev, 490 miles southwest of Moscow, on the Dnieper River. The Ukrainian capital, known as the "Mother of Cities," dates back to the 5th century. It was Christianized by Vladimir I in the 10th century; the main shopping area is still called Street of the Cross. Today a garden city with many parks and chestnut trees, Kiev draws tourists to the gold-domed St. Sophia Cathedral, one of the great masterpieces of Russian architecture, and to the nearby ravine of Babi Yar, the infamous spot commemorated in Evlushenko's poem, where some 200,000 Jews and Soviet prisoners were exterminated during the German occupation.

Salt Mines & Big Brother. For the adventurous tourist with more time and money, there are now 100 open cities to choose from. Easily reached by plane from

Moscow are the workers' Black Sea health resorts of Odessa, Yalta and Sochi, with their pebbled beaches, plump bikini-clad women and soft Mediterranean climate. Five hours by plane from Moscow are the ancient Asian cities of Tashkent, Samarkand and Bukhara, with beautiful mosques and colorful bazaars. Northeast of them lies Alma-Ata, a 20-year-old planned city that is the capital of Kazakhstan. The Siberian scientific center of Novosibirsk was opened to foreigners last year and tourists who wish to go farther out can go to Irkutsk (8 hours from Moscow). There they can visit Lake Baikal, the world's deepest. One taste of its pure waters, and one will thirst for them for life. Or they can ask to see salt mines, which the Russians will gladly show them—they are all automated now.

Distances in Russia are vast, and planes are the dominant mode of travel for tourists, who complain that many of them seem to be converted bombers,



Russia as a Tourist Sees It

HISTORY IN STONE: Outside Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad) a colossal 170-ft.-high statue of Mother Russia commemorates the famous 200-day battle in which the besieged Russians turned back Hitler's invading armies.

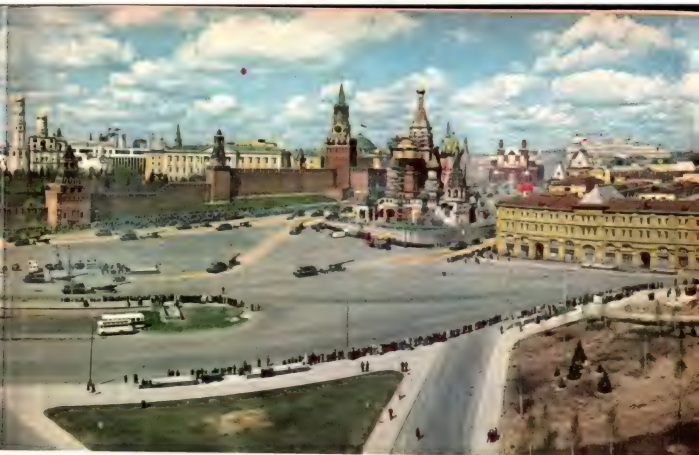


VIEW OF THE KREMLIN: From the upper floors of Moscow's brand-new Russia Hotel, guests enjoy this superb vista. Red Square is behind St. Basil's Cathedral (at right). Military hardware is shown departing from May Day parade.



NEW ARCHITECTURE: A showpiece in Russia's effort to go modern, Moscow's Palace of the Congresses is virtually indistinguishable from the Western culture-center look. Built right inside the Kremlin's walls, it is used for the Bolshoi Ballet as well as political meetings.

STALINIST ARCHITECTURE: The garish wedding-cake style marks the buildings of Moscow's elaborate Exhibition of Economic Achievements. Models of farms, dams and luniks are relentlessly shown to tourists, but for Russians the big attraction is a chance to inspect a standard passenger airplane.





MAGNIFICENT MUSEUM: Leningrad's Hermitage (above and at right), which houses one of the world's greatest art collections, was the Winter Palace of Peter the Great, who founded city and named it St. Petersburg.





SAWDUST ARENA: Russian circuses are small, intimate and popular, with the audience sitting close to the single ring. Here, at the Moscow Circus, a bareback rider is caught in a pose that vividly recalls Seurat's famed painting.

PLEASURE PARK: The gardens of the Czar's summer palace, 18 miles outside Leningrad, with their baroque statuary, splashing fountains and shaded paths, look opulently decadent to any good Communist.



EXOTIC PROVINCE. In distant Alma-Ata, 2,000 miles southeast of Moscow, tourists dine at the Kazakhstan Hotel. The handsome mosaics reflect the strong Persian influence in the region.



PRESERVED ANTIQUITIES. Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, is celebrated for its ancient churches, of which the most famous is St. Sophia, built in 1037 and now a museum.





BUSY WATERWAY: Russia's rivers are thronged with first-rate cruise ships, one of the most popular means of sightseeing with locals and tourists alike. Here, three dock at pier in the Volga River at Volgograd.



BARGAIN BUYS: Tourists pay for most things with coupons, but not at Moscow's special shop for foreigners, where duty-free merchandise, purchased with foreign exchange, ranges from jewelry to rugs—or this Persian-lamb coat for \$165.

FAVORITE RESORT: Lights of the cruise ship *Stella Polaris*, whose trip began in New Orleans, form backdrop for diners at Yalta's open-air Ukraine Restaurant.

Though the beach is grey pebbles rather than sand, the warm waters of this Black Sea resort draw Russians in droves.



with inadequate air conditioning and pressurizing—and that the pilots bank too sharply. Where the cities are close together, a train ride is worth it for the experience of traveling in a de luxe "soft seat" car, at the end of which there is always a samovar of hot tea warmed by live coals.

For the unhurried tourist, there are trips by steamer, excursion boat or hydrofoil on the Volga and Don rivers from Kazan to Volgograd to Rostov-on-Don, along the Dnieper from Kiev to Kherson, up the Neva from Leningrad to Petrodvorets. For the most part, tourists report that the equipment is modern and the service excellent. Says Pomona, Calif., Attorney Graham Talbott, who took his wife on a six-day cruise down the Danube from Vienna to Yalta: "The only annoying aspect was a Big Brother speaker over your head that never quit issuing orders from the time it woke you up at 7 a.m. There wasn't a switch to turn the blasted thing off."

The ABCs. Apart from scenery, architecture and art, there are also glimpses of the formidable Soviet system that Americans have talked, read and worried about for more than a generation. Some U.S. visitors tell that they are embarked on a bold expedition. "Hello, there, everyone," one American chortled cheerfully as he walked into his first Moscow hotel room. "If anyone was listening," he confided later, "I just wanted them to know I was friendly." Most visitors leave convinced that rooms are no longer bugged, nor do they have any sense of being followed. They all agree, however, that plans should be made well in advance, and a plan once made should be adhered to. The Soviet travel bureaucracy takes a dim view of impulsiveness.

Intourist has a near-monopoly on tourist bookings, having contracts with some 80 North American travel agencies. At least a month should be allowed for confirmation of bookings, and the whole trip must be paid for in advance. The de luxe plan of travel is the only way that individuals and couples may go during July and August, and it is a bargain. For \$35 a day (\$50 for couples) the de luxe tourist receives coupons providing for lodging, meals (breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner), three hours' use of car and driver and Intourist guide—in practice, the guide will work longer on request. There is no choice of hotels. Indeed, unless a tourist pays a \$25 surcharge, he cannot discover where he is being lodged until he arrives.

In preparing for the trip, Nagel's *U.S.S.R. Travel Guide* (\$8.95) is indispensable. Trying to master the Russian language in a hurry is hopeless, but it is a good idea to learn the Cyrillic alphabet. Many words, especially on signs, are really French or English; *restorant* simply spells "restaurant," *telefon* spells "telephone." It also helps to memorize about a dozen words or phrases such as "please" (pronounced



puzha'sta), "thank you" (*spaseeba*), "now" (*saychas*), and "then" (*patom*), for restaurant ordering. The larger Intourist restaurants have menus in four languages including English, and it is a good idea to liberate one—preferably with permission—as soon as possible. Thus armed, the visitor finds it easy to order meals in out-of-the-way restaurants where only Russians go.

Pigeons & Pornography. Even in summer, the suitcase should contain warm as well as summer clothing, plenty of color film to be developed back in the U.S., a rubber sink stopper (many of the sinks are plugless), toilet paper (public washrooms don't provide any), a small short-wave radio for picking up the BBC or Radio Free Europe (the only English-language sources of non-Party-line news) and an assortment of gifts. Tipping is officially not allowed, and many Russians are insulted by the offer of money. But Intourist guides gratefully accept paperback editions of Hemingway, Faulkner and Salinger, jazz records, makeup, ballpoint pens and chewing gum.

Entering and leaving Russia, many tourists zip right through customs without so much as opening a bag, while others get a thorough going-over. Visitors are allowed to bring in the usual items for personal use duty-free. Not to bring: Soviet currency, firearms, pigeons, pornography or propaganda. Tourists are asked to declare any gold they are bringing in and, since customs officials seem obsessed with this, it is not a time to be careless. An overlooked charm bracelet has been known to result in a lengthy inquisition.

Follow the Rules. After clearing customs and converting currency at the State Bank window (official rate: 1 ruble = \$1.11; there are 100 kopeks to the ruble), the visitor checks in with Airport Intourist, then heads by car for his hotel. There he will be relieved of his passport, but he shouldn't panic. It will be returned before the end of his stay. Next morning, promptly at 9, the car and Intourist guide arrive to start the sightseeing. The guides are most often attractive, bright, well-trained sin-

gle girls in their 20s, eager to point out Soviet accomplishments, and thoroughly indoctrinated. The tourist picks up a fresh one in each city, keeps her for the duration of his stay.

On balance, Intourist shapes up as a remarkably efficient, if fairly rigid, organization (in Moscow there is even a special clinic to care for ailing foreigners). But even so, the American who visits Russia should be prepared for frequent frustration. Mail from the U.S. takes seven to ten days. No telephone books are available, and the only way to reach a Russian is to know his number in advance.

No legitimate tourist need fear harassment if he obeys the rules: Do not pinch souvenirs, no matter how insignificant, do not take photographs from planes or within the 15-mile border zone, and do not take shots of military and scientific installations, dams, bridges and tunnels. Above all, do not change money in the flourishing black market.

Slow-Motion Service. Language, rather than ideological hostility, is the main barrier and, as a result, a trip to Russia is longer on sights than on personal contact. When the custom of seating strangers at the same restaurant table does bring the tourist face to face with an English-speaking Russian, the American will usually be grilled about his income and his car, and sometimes about integration, Viet Nam and the Middle East.

The Russians are a well-disciplined people, and they get lots of practice; they stand in line for everything. For impatient Americans, particularly at meal-times, the slow-motion service can be intensely frustrating. Lunch and dinner are two- to three-hour affairs. When a lazy waiter waves you off with the explanation that the dining room is reserved, simply say "delegatsia" without quavering and you will probably be seated. If all else fails, take a hint from an Intourist guide who, when confronted with a Moscow restaurant so full that the door was locked, summoned the manager and, pointing to his American companion, uttered the magic word, "Rocekeller," and in they went.



CHOIR AT RIO CONFERENCE

When a babble of joy becomes a form of prophecy.

RELIGION

PROTESTANTS

Pentecostal Tongues & Converts

The crowd of 25,000 packing Rio's Maracanazinho Stadium included favela dwellers and members of Brazil's lower middle class, their swarthy faces reflecting their country's racial mix. Decorously dressed in black suits and flowered dresses, they were moved by evangelical zeal: when a 2,000-voice choir began to sing, everyone joined in. Afterward, a trickle of shouted individual prayers grew into a waterfall roar. Last week's rally, at the Eighth Pentecostal World Conference, eloquently illustrated the power and missionary success of one of the century's fastest-growing religious movements.

Pioneered by a turn-of-the-century Kansas Methodist preacher, Charles F. Parham, Pentecostalism asserts as its basic tenet the need for baptism by the Holy Spirit, the supreme manifestation of which is glossolalia, or speaking in tongues. Dissatisfied with the institutionalized quality of Methodist worship and spirituality, Parham took as his inspiration the message of *Acts 2: 1-4*, which tells how, as the disciples assembled on Pentecost, "there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues." Hoping to receive the spirit, Parham and a group of students at Topeka's Bethel Bible College spent an entire day in prayer; finally, after hours of supplication, a girl participant burst into an unintelligible babble. Modern Pentecostalism was born.

In a Trance. The movement, now worldwide, burgeoned to more than 12 million faithful belonging to a host of evangelical denominations, the largest of which is the Assemblies of God (U.S. membership: 572,000). Traditionally strong in the rural South, Pentecostalism has made notable recent gains among urban Negroes and Puer-

to Ricans, and has even taken root on U.S. college campuses. For those who have received the gift of speaking in tongues, it can be an ecstatic occurrence. Glossolalia usually happens at the climax of a Pentecostal service, when the revivalist "lays on hands"—places his hand on the head of a believer, who frequently enters a trance-like state, begins to utter a stream of glottal syllables that Pentecostals regard as prophetic speech.

Aboard, Pentecostalism has spread to more than 90 nations from Australia to South Africa and South Korea to Finland. Nowhere has it found more ardent followers than in Brazil. There are now 2,600,000 Pentecostals in that nominally Catholic country—a gain of 1,100,000 since 1962. A major reason for the harvest is that, despite the Brazilians' traditionally easygoing approach to religion, many seem to be drawn by the intimacy and fervor of Pentecostal services, the joyous and uninhibited hymn singing, and the upright rigidity of the church's moral standards (no smoking or drinking).

Delegates to the conference had another reason, provided by recent political events, for joy. As fundamentalists who interpret the Bible literally, and who confidently await the second coming of the Lord, they are almost as enthusiastic as Zionists about Israel's victory over Egypt. For that, the Pentecostals claim, is a sign that God's kingdom is closer than ever.

HERESIES

Triumph of Modernism

In the early 20th century, the Roman Catholic Church had its own secret police. A zealous Vatican functionary, Monsignor Umberto Benigni, set up a group of trusted clerical informers, called the *Sodalit t  Plurimum*, to spy on priests and even bishops suspected of heresy. Benigni's ecclesiastical

SMERSH even had its secret code and pseudonyms: then-reigning Pope Pius X was "Lady Micheline," and the Vatican Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, was "Miss Romey."

The target of Benigni's agents was the heresy of modernism—a broad term encompassing the efforts of certain scholarly priests and laymen to bring Catholic teaching into line with contemporary scientific and philosophic thought. In 1921, long after the leading modernists had been excommunicated, Pope Benedict XV sensibly suppressed Benigni's spy ring. The memory of modernism has been kept alive, however, by a solemn oath against the heresy* that every Catholic priest since 1910 has had to take before receiving holy orders. Last week, Vatican sources reported, Pope Paul VI decided to abolish the oath-taking requirement, which a generation of seminarians has viewed with bemusement if not contempt; in the future, priests will simply be required to make a general statement of support for the teachings of the church.

History's Backwater. Modernism flowered at a time when Catholicism seemed to be a backwater of intellectual history and the Pope was the intransigent "prisoner of the Vatican." By far the most famous modernist was Abb  Alfred Loisy (1857-1940), a Frenchman, whose book *The Gospel and the Church* (1902) used the critical tools of modern Scriptural scholarship to justify the dogmatic development from primitive Christianity to the complex Catholicism of his time. In so doing, he conceded that the doctrines of the 20th century church were different from the simple faith of Jesus' first disciples—a judgment that Rome denounced as heretical. In his 1907 encyclical, *Pascendi*, Pius X issued a formal condemnation of modernism as "the compendium of all heresies," making several allusions to Loisy's work; one year later, Loisy was excommunicated.

In England, the modernist movement found a voice in Irish-born Jesuit George Tyrrell. A convert from Protestantism, Tyrrell proposed that the church restate its beliefs in the light of discoveries made by science and philosophy—a view that Rome found no more palatable than the novelties of Loisy. Expelled from the Jesuits, Tyrrell was excommunicated in 1907; he refused to confess his errors, died two years later. Yet even Pius X was moved by Tyrrell's death. "Unlike most arch-heretics, he died a good Christian," the Pontiff was said to have told a friend.

At its peak of influence, modernism was an intellectual movement involving at most a few thousand avant-garde Catholics in France, Germany, England and Italy. The church nonetheless moved to suppress it as if a phalanx of

* Among other things, the 600-word oath requires seminarians to state that they believe in miracles and also in rational proofs of God's existence, and that they "totally reject the heretical notion of the evolution of dogmas."

Luthers were in its midst. Pius' encyclical *Pascendi* ordered that all seminary teachers who were tainted by the heresy be fired, required bishops to take other stern measures to eradicate the spiritual disease. Loyal Catholics suspected of involvement with the movement were forced to issue humiliating public denunciations of modernism.

Stunted Development. Some church historians now contend that the repressive measures of Pius X (who was proclaimed a saint in 1954) stunted Catholic intellectual development for a generation. Biblical experts were particularly suspect. For years Catholic exegetes were required to abide by the conservative judgments of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, set up at the beginning of the century; among its dicta was the ruling that Moses authored the Pentateuch—even though it contains an account of his death clearly penned centuries later. Not until Pius XII's 1943 encyclical, *Divino Afflante Spiritu*, were Catholic Biblicists able to study Scripture with the same freedom enjoyed by their Protestant counterparts.

Shortly before his death, Tyrrell wrote to a friend that "my failure and many another may pave the way for eventual success." Today, Loisy's argument that the Bible must be scrutinized in the light of scholarship is an accepted premise of Scripture experts; Tyrrell's proclamation that the church needs to restate its faith in the language and terms of modern man is a commonplace on the lips of Popes. Whatever their specific errors—and most of their writings look terribly dated today—the modernists have a fair claim to be regarded as genuine precursors of the Second Vatican Council.



LOISY (CIRCA 1905)

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Playing It Cool

As rioting broke out in Negro slums this summer, no publications expressed more dismay than Negro newspapers. "Madness of the first degree," said the Houston Forward Times. "The work of depraved minds who are too sick to know better." The Chicago Daily Defender has launched a contest for the best advice on how to "Keep a Cool Summer." Even the paper's switchboard operators are instructed to answer: "Keep a cool summer, hello."

Such moderation is characteristic of the Negro press, which takes a dim

names. Heroes of the moment—Thurgood Marshall or the first Negro astronaut—are played up, but so are ordinary people. The papers are running a lot of stories about Negro servicemen in Viet Nam (few of the papers oppose the U. S. involvement). "They can return with or without the Medal of Honor," says Chicago Defender Reporter Betty Washington. "We don't care. They're our people." When Amsterdam News Education Reporter Sara Slack writes up some child's achievement in school, she often mentions the occupation of the child's parents: janitor, domestic, whatever. "We let the Negro child know," she says, "that he doesn't

"Our emphasis is on self-determination within the black community," says Nigerian-born Simon Ankwue, who writes a column on Africa for the News.

The general level of makeup and writing is lower than that of white dailies. The Negro papers often take a jocular view of crime. A columnist for the Amsterdam News called "Mr. 125 Street" offers typical items: "Goldie Reed fled after his chin was creased while he was having a discussion with his wife. . . . Florence Smith of the Bronx and Ann Jackson of Brooklyn met in Harlem, and Jackson's neck was sliced." Such self-stereotyping repels many well-educated Negroes. "It hurts to read these papers," says a Negro student at Dallas' Bishop College, "because it makes me aware of how much farther some of us still have to go."

Siphoned Staffers. The papers have a tough time finding qualified journalists—or keeping them. For this reason, white staffers are still to be found on Negro papers. Some editors look for promising high school students, then help pay their way through college, in the hope that they will join the paper after graduation. Even if they do, they are unlikely to stay. The white dailies, public relations firms and the Federal Government siphon off the best Negro journalists and leave the papers sorely understaffed. The Atlanta Inquirer in seven years has had eight different editors. "As long as I've been in this business," says Chicago Defender Publisher John Sengstacke, "I've been running a training school."

Nevertheless, Sengstacke is so confident of the future that last October he bought the eight ailing Pittsburgh Courier weeklies. This fall, he plans to make the local reporting of each of his papers available to all the others and rely much less on the wire services.

"When Stokely Carmichael screams about negatives," says Houston Forward Times Publisher Julius Carter, "we don't bite our tongues and remain silent. We emphasize the positive. We aim our criticism at the Negro community, and this is why Carmichael calls us the 'Backward Times.' We do this because we know that not only must the white community change, but we have to change also."

When Is a Failure?

For the first time, Congress is investigating the U.S. newspaper industry in depth. The impetus is a pending bill that would exempt consolidating newspapers from antitrust laws if one of the papers is "failing" financially. Already under way for two weeks, hearings by Senator Philip Hart's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee promise to be controversial—and prolonged. They may well outlast this session of Congress, as witnesses deliver not only their opinions of the bill but of the industry's troubles in general.

A fairly typical consolidation precipitated the hearings. To save the failing Tucson Daily Citizen in 1940, the

Meet Our Keep A Cool Summer Winners



CARTER



SENGSTACKE

DEFENDER FRONT PAGE

Proud, positive and paying their way.

view of Black Power hotheads. For the Negro press addresses itself to the Negro community as a whole, which is overwhelmingly anti-riot. Along with their coverage of issues like housing, jobs and schools, the Negro papers report in conscientious detail the everyday undramatic events of community life—giving the publications a reassuring kind of small-town solidity.

Militancy—within Bounds. When the big dailies began to cover civil rights in earnest a few years back, some journalists thought Negro papers would have to fold. Instead, 39 new Negro weeklies and semi-weeklies have been started in the past 21 years, bringing the total number of papers to 171. Many are making a profit. There are only two dailies: the aggressive Chicago Defender (circ. 32,000) and the conservative Atlanta Daily World (circ. 20,000). The New York Amsterdam News (72,400) and Detroit's Michigan Chronicle (48,300) are the largest weeklies and among the best.

The papers are full of names, names,

have to come from a family of doctors or lawyers to succeed in life."

While stressing the old-fashioned American success story, the papers have not ignored the new militancy that is sweeping much of the Negro community. And sometimes their reporters can do a better job than white journalists. Chicago's white dailies had attempted stories on the city's Negro slums, but the Defender's Betty Washington was able to produce a much better account after going to live in the slums for several weeks. Charges of police brutality—the most frequent complaint—are commonplace on Page One. And militancy—within bounds—seems to pay off. By concentrating on civil rights, the bouncy In Sepia Dallas has raised circulation from 5,000 to an estimated 22,500 in three years; by contrast, the bland Dallas Express has slipped from 9,000 to 4,900. Sensitive to the growing pride in race, the papers are using the word Negro much less than before: the Amsterdam News has banned it altogether in favor of Afro-American.

Arizona Daily Star combined its advertising and business departments with the other paper. Both remained separate editorially. In 1965, the Star chose to sell. Under the 1940 agreement, the now prosperous Citizen had first option; it bought the Star with the explanation that it would resell the paper as soon as a suitable purchaser could be found. At that point, the Justice Department filed suit not only to break up the merger but to nullify the original joint operating agreement as well.

Back from the Brink. To head off the suit, which is still pending in the courts, Arizona Senator Carl Hayden and 14 other Senators co-sponsored the Failing Newspaper Act. All the sponsors come from states in which there are newspapers with similar joint operating arrangements. The bill would permit

central Counsel Louis M. Loeb. "For the press to take advantage of its political influence to get special advantages that other businesses do not enjoy," Loeb saw no reason for the Government to interfere with most joint operations, unless the "cooperating papers agree to fix rates below what may be justified for the purpose of obtaining an advantage at the expense of competition."

Why not, suggested Press Critic Ben Bagdikian, offer dying papers for sale at a fair market price to independent buyers? To which Jack Howard replied that he and his co-publishers tried to give away the dying New York World Journal Tribune last spring, but there were no takers. "Nobody would accept it as a gift," said Howard. Whether Congress believes the Failing Newspaper Act is the way to rescue insolvent papers remains to be seen. A decision is still innumerable witnesses away.

MAGAZINES

Freckled Superwoman

One after another, U.S. magazines have investigated contemporary California and found it superb, supergood or supersomething. This month the *Ladies Home Journal* has discovered in California a superwoman—along with her superchildren. "She has slipped the old orders and mores," the magazine proclaims. "The 'back home' social structure has evaporated. She has become scandal-proof. She is with it intellectually. This Western woman lives in today and thinks in tomorrow."

Just in case any readers doubt the depth of its study, the *Journal* explains that "Managing Editor Bruce Clerke has spent more of her time in California than in New York during these recent months of preparation. Then staffers Susan, Lyn, Poppy, Mary, Lois, Margaret and Trudy followed to see for themselves."

Despite the best efforts of Susan, Lyn, Poppy, Mary & Co., Californians protested that they could not recognize themselves in the superroth concocted by the *Journal*—perhaps because most of the reporting dealt with Beverly Hills and Hollywood.

The *Journal* gushes that California women are "more racially tolerant" than others—which may surprise Negroes, who still resent the California voters' almost 2-to-1 approval of a 1964 state-constitutional amendment (recently voided by the U.S. Supreme Court) that permitted race discrimination in housing. The *Journal* claims that the California woman has a "deeper tan and more freckles." One article asserts that the California woman is the "best possible wife," while another notes that California's divorce rate is twice as high as the rest of the nation's. To the *Journal's* declaration that the California woman has "greater total freedom, yet greater personal security" Los Angeles Times Columnist Jack Smith scoffed: "Greater total nonsense."

MILESTONES

Married. Yael Dayan, 28, novelist of Israel's young Sabra (native) generation (*New Face in the Mirror*), to Israeli Army Colonel Dov Sion, 46, whom she met last month on the Sinai front; and Assal Dayan, 22, Tel Aviv actor, to Aharon Malkind, 22, his high-school sweetheart; all for the first time, in a double Jewish ceremony, with Yael and Assal's parents, Israeli Defense Minister and Mrs. Moshe Dayan, plus 1,000 high-ranking guests, in attendance; at the Dayans' villa outside Tel Aviv.

Died. James E. Fox, 59, baseball's "Double X," who in 20 seasons (1925-45), mainly as a first baseman for the Philadelphia A's, hit 834 homers, putting him second only to Babe Ruth (714) until 1966, when Willie Mays took over the runner-up spot; apparently of a heart attack; in Miami.

Died. Humberto Castello Branco, 66, former President of Brazil (see THE WORLD).

Died. Albert John Luthuli, 69, Africa's first native Nobel laureate (for peace, in 1960), and one of its most articulate champions of racial equality; of head injuries when he was struck by a train; near Stanger, South Africa. A teacher at Natal's all-black Adams College, Luthuli first rose to world notice in 1952 by helping to organize a defiant but nonviolent campaign against South Africa's hated *apartheid* to which the government reacted by stripping him of his Zulu tribal chieftainship, and finally, in 1959, virtually banishing him to his isolated farm, where in 1962 he wrote his anguished, eloquent autobiography, *Let My People Go*.

Died. Basil Rathbone, 75, Hollywood's paragon of British urbanity, a rakish, aquiline-nosed immigrant from the London stage who menaced, mocked and often sleuthed his way through more than 100 pictures, including 16 as a resonant Sherlock Holmes, after which he deserted Baker Street for a versatile career in TV and on the Broadway stage (1959's *J.B.*); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Lieutenant General Lewis H. Brereton, 76, pathfinder in military aviation, who with Billy Mitchell in the 1920s was in the thick of the fight to prove that aircraft could make junk out of Navy warships, in 1942 organized the India-based bomber force that struck the first offensive blows in the Far East (against Japanese forces in the Burma area), later commanded the First Allied Airborne Army in its 1944 glider-and-parachute invasion of The Netherlands; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Carl Sandburg, 89, giant of American letters (see THE NATION).



JACK HOWARD TESTIFYING
No takers for the dying.

such setups as long as one of the consolidating papers "appears unlikely to remain or become a financially sound publication"; the bill also permits outright merger in the same circumstances.

Testifying in favor of the bill, Tucson Citizen Publisher William A. Small Jr. contended that Tucson (pop. 257,000) was simply not a big enough city to support two independent dailies. The Citizen, he said, had been on the "brink of death," and the agreement with the Star had been a "life-saving device." Jack Howard, president of Scripps-Howard, a chain with a total of seven joint operating agreements, agreed. The effect of the bill, he said, is not to "restrain competition but to preserve it to the fullest extent possible, to preserve two or more healthy papers where there otherwise would be only one."

Bad Psychology. Opponents of the bill were uneasy about giving legal sanction to big dailies to consolidate on grounds as vague as economic "failure." "It is unnecessary and psychologically bad," said New York Times Gen-



ESSO'S POLYURETHANE-FOAM TEST
Tow it away and wring it out.

TECHNOLOGY

Mopping Up Oily Oceans

In March, the grounded tanker *Torrey Canyon* spewed some 90,000 tons of crude oil into the coastal waters off southwestern Britain. Though only part of the oil reached the beaches, the accident cost Britain \$7,000,000 in clean-up charges, polluted the sea from Cornwall to Brittany and dealt heavy damage to marine life in the area. And there are other vessels afloat that could make an even bigger mess.

Already 200,000-ton tankers ply the seas; 300,000-ton vessels are on order, and the advent of 500,000-ton jumbo tankers is fast approaching. Even under normal circumstances, such ships slowly foul the sea with oily tank washings, bilge and ballast water.

Fortunately, research scientists on both sides of the Atlantic have just demonstrated two new substances that seem to do well at cleaning up oil-fouled waters. In the U.S., Guardian Chemical Co. of Long Island City, N.Y., has produced a hydrocarbon known as polycomplex A. When the new substance is sprayed on a slick, it breaks down the oil into tiny particles, combines with them and forms a chemical complex that is readily degraded by bacteria, sunlight and air. "The bacteria have a hard time tackling a big oil slick," says Guardian President Dr. Alfred R. Globus. "It's like eating a rubber raincoat. By breaking the oil down we give them something they can chew on."

At a demonstration on the Delaware River, eleven gallons of 50% Polycomplex A were sprayed on a 110-gallon oil slick. In two minutes, only a thin brown film remained; soon that disappeared. Similar tests conducted in tanks ashore proved just as successful. Six parts of Kuwait crude oil—the type carried by the *Torrey Canyon*—were

SCIENCE

dispersed by one part of Polycomplex A in five minutes.

Proven Principle. On the same day, Esso Petroleum of Great Britain held an oil disposal demonstration at its Fawley refinery near Southampton. Technicians poured a barrel of crude oil on a pond, then covered the slick with a shredded polyurethane foam developed by J. Bibby & Sons of Liverpool. The foam quickly turned black as it absorbed the oil. The oil-soaked foam was then simply trapped and towed ashore, where Esso showed how the oil could be pressed out for reuse.

Neither method has yet been tried on the open seas, where \$26,400 worth of detergents are required to disperse 100 tons of floating oil, with no assurance that it will not subsequently coalesce again. The cost of the Guardian dispersal agent would be around \$7,000 per hundred tons of oil—which would have made the *Torrey Canyon* bill about \$6,000,000. Because less foam is required with the Esso technique, it could further reduce the expense of oil dispersal to about \$1,300 per hundred tons—plus the cost of application and collection—if it proves successful on the open ocean.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Economy-Size Atlantis

For 20 centuries and more, the legend of the lost Atlantis has had a powerful hold on the human imagination. In his dialogues, Plato described Atlantis as an island "confederation of marvelous power" located near the Straits of Gibraltar, somewhere in the Atlantic. In *Timaeus*, he declared that one day the whole population "sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared in the depths of the sea." Plato dated the disaster as 9,000 years before the time of Solon, the Athenian statesman who lived in the 7th century B.C. But modern oceanographers can find no trace of Atlantis—was Plato wrong?

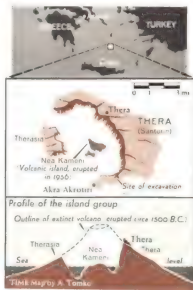
Perhaps not. Last week a U.S. oceanographer announced that what may be a completely intact Minoan city was unearthed recently on the Aegean island of Thera, now called Santorini. The discovery could well substantiate the most intriguing of all Atlantis theories—that Plato was right but simply mislocated Atlantis, which was actually an island kingdom comprising Thera, Crete and other Aegean islands.

Divide by 10. That theory was proposed in 1960 by University of Athens Seismologist Anghelos Galanopoulos, who believes that Plato misread by a factor of 10 the dimensions of Atlantis and the date of its destruction given in an Egyptian manuscript. Dividing by 10, Galanopoulos came up with an area roughly encompassing Thera and Crete; similarly reducing Plato's date to 900 years before Solon, he moved the de-

struction of Atlantis forward to about 1490 B.C. At about that time, a well-documented volcanic eruption plunged large portions of Thera into the sea, rained lethal vapors and debris on Crete 75 miles to the south, and generated 160-ft. tidal waves that battered Crete and perhaps Egypt as well.

All this fascinated U.S. Marine Geologist James W. Mavor Jr. of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, who sailed to Thera last year in the institute's research vessel, *Chain*. When his seismic profiles of the island showed geophysical conformations that seemed to match Plato's description of Atlantis, Mavor organized a full-fledged expedition headed by Greek Archaeologist Spyridon Marinatos and including Professor Emily Vermeule, research fellow at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Shortly after the diggers arrived, they detected artifacts buried in a 2,500-ft. swath across the island. Digging nine trenches, the group unearthed indications of a city half a square mile in size that had once held an estimated population of 30,000. "The find was so astonishing," said Mavor, "we were un-equipped to handle it."

Vintage 1500 B.C. Back in the U.S. last week to plan a major excavation, Mavor and Mrs. Vermeule gave the details at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Apparently buried under volcanic ash and pumice during the Thera eruption, the city is 3,500 years old and so nearly intact that the archaeologists found one-, two- and three-story houses, some of them over sunken cellars. Resting within the structures were looms, vases similar to those found in Minoan ruins on Crete, jars containing a possible mixture of ash, wine and olive oil, stone instruments, oil lamps, mortars and pestles. "There can be no question that the settlement was Minoan," said Mrs. Vermeule. "The most dramatic aspect was to be in those ancient houses and see the dark shapes of objects that



had been there undisturbed for 3,500 years."

On the walls of the upper floors of the houses were frescoes depicting Minoan-like marinescapes. Although animal skeletons have been unearthed, no human remains—or gold—have yet been found. As archaeologists see it, this suggests that the inhabitants had some warning of the final eruption and fled—where, no one knows.

Mavor's expedition may have discovered the city none too soon. Each day, ancient houses on Thera are destroyed by mining companies that dig up fine ash for cement factories. To preserve their find, Mavor & Co. plan to buy the land over the interred city and begin a ten-year, \$1,000,000 excavation. They will also try an unprecedented adaptation of mining to archaeology. Rather than ripping up the surface to expose the city, they hope to hollow out underground caverns and create a subterranean museum.

The exact link between Thera and Atlantis may never be known, but the new find is an impressive clue. "Two years ago, I couldn't find a single archaeologist interested in the Atlantis theory," says Mavor. "Now several admit there may be some connection."

SPACE

Dead on Arrival

As Surveyor 4 sped toward the moon's Central Bay at 5,938 m.p.h. last week, ground controllers at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory had high hopes that the unmanned spacecraft would do everything it was told. Two earlier Surveyors had soft-landed on the moon with astonishing ease, sent back 17,465 detailed pictures showing even lunar pebbles. With a hinged aluminum arm, Surveyor 3 had also scooped up lunar soil, helped determine that the moon's surface is strong enough to bear a weight of 6 lbs. per sq. in., more than enough to support the Apollo astronaut.

Armed with a pair of 2-in. metal bars, one of them magnetized, Surveyor 4 was designed to test the extent to which material in the moon's crust may be attracted by a magnet. In turn, this information might have yielded new clues as to whether the moon's surface features were formed by volcanic activity or by the impact of meteors.

Something went wrong. What J.P.L.'s Surveyor Project Manager Howard I. Haglund thought was "a perfectly normal flight" abruptly ended less than two seconds before Surveyor 4's retro-rocket was scheduled to stop firing 40,000 ft. above the moon as all radio contact ended. The best guess at J.P.L. is that the retrorocket exploded, blasting the craft to bits. Whether that actually happened, or whether Surveyor 4 disintegrated on impact, is a mystery that may never be solved—unless astronauts some day hike to the target site and examine the wreckage.

For those interested in the amount of "tar" in the smoke of their cigarette

This is the one they'll have to beat:



No health claim is made for Carlton. Great light taste is Carlton's claim.

SPORT

GOLF

Champ from the Pampas

Who has won more golf tournaments than any other pro in history?

Not Walter Hagen, or Byron Nelson, or Ben Hogan, or Sam Snead, or Arnold Palmer—or any other American for that matter. The alltime champion is Roberto de Vicenzo, a balding, 44-year-old Argentine of Italian peasant stock who turned pro at 14 and posted his first victory three years later—shooting a 277 for 72 holes that still stands as the course record at the Rosario Golf Club.

In 20-odd years of curting his clubs around the world, De Vicenzo since has won upwards of 120 tournaments, including the national open championships of Argentina (six times), Brazil (three times), Chile (three times), Jamaica (three times), Panama (twice), Uruguay (twice), Mexico (twice), France (three times), Germany, Holland, Belgium and Spain. On Britain's windswept par-72 Royal Liverpool Golf Club course two weeks ago, Roberto fired rounds of 70, 71, 67 and 70 to beat Defending Champion Jack Nicklaus by two strokes and add the prestigious British Open title to his collection.

Although some experts rate De Vicenzo "the best striker of a golf ball in the world" for his smooth, powerful, self-taught swing, Roberto is virtually unknown in the U.S.—because he prefers competition abroad to the pressures of the U.S. tour. Not that U.S. courses or U.S. pros hold any particular terror for him. Last year De Vicenzo stopped off in Dallas to see friends, stayed long enough to win the Dallas Open and \$15,000; this year, playing

in only seven U.S. tournaments, he has earned a tidy \$23,000.

That, plus the \$5,880 that his British Open victory earned him, is enough to keep De Vicenzo comfortable in his suburban villa in Ranelagh, 15 miles south of Buenos Aires. "I work for the money I need," he says. "but other money I don't care much about. I am old, and I just like to sit."

THE OLYMPICS

Ready for Breaking

If everybody lives up to the letter of the law, the 1968 Olympics will be a very exclusive affair. The law is spelled out in the International Olympic Committee's new amateur pledge, which went out to all nations last week. Barred from the Olympics are athletes who 1) have ever accepted a prize valued at more than \$50, 2) have received scholarships for purely athletic abilities, or 3) have spent more than four weeks a year in training camp. Since the International Amateur Athletic Federation allows prizes of up to \$70 to be awarded at track meets, Rule No. 1 would bar practically anybody who has ever won an event at any major meet anywhere in the world. No. 2 ought to take care of most of whatever U.S. competitors are left, and No. 3 should rule out the Russians, who regularly train year-round while drawing pay checks from their obliging employer—the state.

Naturally, as Willi Daume, president of the German Olympic Committee observed last week, "nobody will pay any attention to the rules."

PRIZEFIGHTING

Bull Market

Few brokers have ever heard of Cloverlay Inc., but in its own way it tanks right up there with Xerox as a growth stock. The plungers who risked \$250 for a single share of Cloverlay stock in 1965 have since received splits and dividends that have boosted the value of each original share to \$3,600. And that was two weeks ago. Last week in Manhattan, an ex-slaughterhouse laborer from Philadelphia named Joe Frazier stamped himself as the No. 1 contender for Cassius Clay's vacant heavyweight title by stopping Canada's durable George Chuvalo in the fourth round—and Cloverlay Inc. started talking about another dividend.

Joe Frazier, 23, is Cloverlay Inc.'s only asset; the corporation pays his manager and all training expenses, gives Joe \$100 a week plus bonuses. A 5-ft. 11-in. 204-pounder with a crushing left hook, a swarming attack and basic notions of strategy ("I just want to put the other guy away as fast as I can"), Frazier hardly compares to Clay either in size or ability. But there are certain similarities. Like Cassius, Joe is an Olympic champion; he won the heavy-



FRAZIER AFTER BEATING CHUVALO
Right off the ticker.

weight title at Tokyo in 1964. Like Cassius, he is undefeated as a pro, and he has won practically all of his fights on knockouts—15 out of 17, to be exact.

With credentials like those, Frazier can afford to give himself a bye by refusing to fight in the World Boxing Association's elimination tournament that begins in Houston next week. Floyd Patterson, Ernie Terrell and six other so-called contenders can go ahead and battle it out for the W.B.A.'s heavyweight title. None of them was able even to dent George Chuvalo. And none will be able to call himself champion of anything until he himself Joe Frazier.

BASEBALL

Leo the Lamb

The manager of the Chicago Cubs is obviously an imposter. The 1967 season is already more than half over, and this fellow who sash he is Leo ("The Lip") Durocher, 60, has not cursed a single sportswriter, or attacked a single fan, and has been thrown out of only two games all summer.

The Cubs look suspiciously like impostors, too. The real Chicago Cubs have spent the last 20 years languishing in the second division, and they wound up the 1966 season dead last—71 games behind the New York Mets. This year's Cubs are acting like lull-grown grizzlies. Four of them are batting over .280; four are in double figures in home runs. They lead the majors in runs scored (with 429). They have won seven of their last eight games, and at week's end they were locked in a tie for first place with the St. Louis Cardinals.

Old Mellow. No team in modern baseball history has ever finished last one year and won a pennant the next.



DE VICENZO
A striker, not a swinger.

But there has never been a manager like Leo Durocher, either. Gourmet, gambler, clotheshorse, man about Hollywood, Durocher was one of baseball's most controversial characters when he managed the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants to three pennants in the 1940s and 1950s. "Nice guys finish last," was his famous motto. He was sued by a fan who claimed Leo had broken his jaw, and he was suspended for the entire 1947 season by Commissioner A. B. Chandler, who finally decided that his conduct was "detrimental to baseball." Dropped by the Giants in 1955, he couldn't find another managerial job (he was a coach with the Los Angeles Dodgers for four years) until the Cubs called late in 1965. Arriving in Chicago, Leo was the same old Lip. "If I can't win with this group," he roared, "I'll just back up the truck and get another."

When the truck backfired and the Cubs finished last, Durocher realized his mistake. "Let me be the first to say I've mellowed," he announced this spring. He did make a few cracks about the advancing age (36) of the Cubs' two-time Most Valuable Player, Ernie Banks—"Old grampa's wearing out"—but he took those words back last week when Banks hit his 17th homer of the season. The rest of the Cubs got the sugar lip—and the results are astonishing. Pitcher Ferguson Jenkins, whose record last year was 6-8, is 12-7 this year. Centerfielder Adolfo Phillips, a .260 hitter in 1966, is batting .290. Third Baseman Ron Santo ranks third in the National League in homers (with 19) and fifth in RBIs (with 62).

So now it's Leo the Lamb—at least for the moment. "These kids belong to a new generation," he says. "They have to be handled differently."



DUROCHER

Sugar for the grizzlies.

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July 20, 1967

\$25,000,000

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THE LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Dealing with Drunks

The "crime" that accounts for one out of three U.S. arrests, endlessly plagues police, clogs the courts, and crowds the jails is common drunkenness.

Roughly 6% of American adults are alcoholics or "problem drinkers," and U.S. law persists in treating even those who peacefully litter the streets as criminals rather than sick people.

In a 131-page report, the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice recently condemned the legal handling of drunkenness as a total mess. In most cities, anti-drunk laws affect only the helpless and the homeless, never affluent alcoholics. In a nightly ritual, police skim the derelicts off Skid Row, parade them before a magistrate and offer such unscientific evidence as "staggering gait" that often overlooks other ailments. Rarely represented by counsel, the bleary defendant is invariably stuffed into the "tank" long enough to get somewhat sobered up—then released and rearrested, often hundreds of times before the pathetic cycle ends with burial in a pauper's grave.

Compounding the Problem. Because no other institution is prepared to cope, drunks continue to be a police responsibility in all cities, but are dealt with in wildly different ways. With one quarter of New York City's population, for example, Los Angeles averages more than three times as many drunk arrests—100,000 a year. Yet, as the presidential commission sees it, arresting drunks is fruitless anywhere. Not only do "revolving-door jails" intensify the despair that drives men to drink in the first place;

they also compound the police problem. In Washington, D.C., a survey turned up six chronic offenders who had been arrested a total of 1,409 times and served a collective 125 years in jail. In Los Angeles, 20% of drunk arrests involve repeaters who wind up in jail as often as 18 times a year.

Until recently, American courts consistently held that an alcoholic was responsible for his public drunkenness, because he had started drinking voluntarily. But in 1962, the Supreme Court began eroding that fiction by ruling in *Robinson v. California* that drug addiction is a sickness that cannot be deemed a crime without violating the Eighth Amendment guarantee against "cruel and unusual punishment." In 1966, two U.S. appellate courts invoked *Robinson* to excuse alcoholics from charges of public intoxication. Yet in this past term, the Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal from an alcoholic despite a sharp dissent by Justice Abe Fortas, who argued that "the use of the crude and formidable weapon of criminal punishment of the alcoholic is neither seemly nor sensible, neither purposeful nor civilized."

Reformed Reformers. If the court eventually agrees with Fortas, authorities will have to develop public-health institutions far better prepared to handle the problem than they are now. For its part, the presidential commission urges more U.S. communities to emulate St. Louis, one of the few cities to start a "detoxification" program. Largely because of that program, St. Louis at one point cut drunk arrests by 66%. Since 1963, St. Louis police have taken drunks to a hospital instead of a tank; now they see to it that drunks

get treatment involving vitamins, sedation, counseling and group therapy. If a drunk does not need medical care, he can be held only until he sobers up—and never longer than 20 hours. In 1965, St. Louis recorded only 2,445 drunk arrests, while Washington had 50,000.

Other cities are moving toward reform. New York's Vera Institute of Justice, a private foundation, will send three-man teams to the Bowery next fall to help get derelicts into an infirmary and lodging houses run by the Bowery Mission or Salvation Army. In Boston, the South End Center for Alcoholics and Unattached Persons has counseled 1,422 alcoholics and referred as many as 153 a month to a drying-out facility. The Philadelphia Diagnostic and Relocation Service Corp., a non-profit center that helps derelicts move out of areas scheduled for redevelopment, got nowhere when it used graduate students as workers. Now it sends reformed drunks, who get results. Of 1,800 derelicts who received the Philadelphia group's intensive treatment, 1,000 left Skid Row, and most of them seem to have left it for good.

LAWYERS

Floriot Loses One

When aerial hijackers delivered Moïse Tshombe to an Algerian jail this month, his wife turned to one of the few men who might have saved her husband from extradition to the Congo—and almost certain death. Parisian Lawyer René Edmond Floriot, 64, faced appalling odds: the Congolese had already convicted Tshombe of not only treason but also murder and robbery. With eloquence, Floriot contended that the Congolese had actually amnestied Tshombe last fall. But last week he lost.

Though Tshombe could not be extradited for purely political reasons, ruled the Algerian Supreme Court, "Algerian justice does not shield murder and robbery." If President Houari Boumediene ratifies the Court's decision Tshombe must go home—presumably to his doom. For the best-known *avocat* in the French-speaking world, it was a rare, bitter defeat. In 20,000 cases, Floriot has lost only two clients to the guillotine and about ten to the firing squad.

In his most spectacular murder trial (1960), Floriot defended Swiss Lawyer-Politician Pierre Jaccoud, onetime dean of the Geneva bar. Police had the murder weapon; witnesses insisted that Jaccoud had shot and stabbed the father of a man who had stolen his mistress. But Floriot harried the witnesses into damaging concessions about the murder weapon, wrung lurid testimony from the mistress. He airily dismissed Jaccoud's lack of alibi: "Only criminals have alibi. Intelligent people never remember how they spend their evenings." Jaccoud got seven years.



SLEEPING IT OFF IN MANHATTAN'S BOWERY
Pathetic route to a pauper's grave.



FLORIOT

"Only criminals have alibis."

War Crimes. Last year Floriot defended two Paris detectives implicated in the kidnap-murder of Algerian Rebel Leader Ben Barka; one was acquitted, the other got six years. In 1961, he braved President de Gaulle's wrath in winning a suspended sentence for General Gustave Mentré, an accused conspirator in the Algiers coup.

A demon for detail, Floriot furiously drives a research staff of six lawyers, known as "*L'usine Floriot*" (the Floriot factory). Gifted with prodigious memory, he can simplify the most complex case for the dumbest of jurors. While other French lawyers deliver elegantly vague speeches to nodding, herobed judges, Floriot deals in facts, not forensic flourishes. In a profession heavily weighted toward lawyers with social standing, Floriot has succeeded entirely on drive and shrewdness.

Son of a Paris municipal clerk, Floriot studied law at the Sorbonne, started practicing before his 21st birthday. In the 1930s, he prospered by winning divorces for the wealthy in a week, though the cumbersome process usually takes two to three years in France. After the war, he unabashedly defended war criminals and collaborators. He saved Otto Abetz, the hated German ambassador to Paris, from execution; Abetz got 20 years, was later freed, and died in a car accident.

Defending Nero. Floriot also defended Dr. Marcel Petiot who, between 1942 and 1944, lured 63 Jewish refugees to his Paris house with promises of help; and was accused of robbing and killing at least 27 of them. Floriot proved that three or more of the alleged victims were German agents and that some of them were still alive. But though Floriot won professional respect for his ferocious defense, Petiot went to the guillotine. Floriot went too—in France, the lawyer traditionally takes the last walk with his client.

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July 20, 1967



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How fancy can you get?

U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Rallying Round the Blue Chips

Despite spotty corporate earnings reports and new talk about a tax increase, the unmistakable snort of the bull reverberated last week in the stock market. For the second week in a row, prices surged ahead and trading volume on the New York Stock Exchange climbed to a new record, 58,194,770 shares, an avalanche that strained the facilities of banks and brokerage houses. The Big Board's year-old composite index of all common-stock issues on three straight days eclipsed its May 8 peak of \$51.93, reaching \$52.18 at week's end. Reflecting a suddenly renewed popularity among blue-chip issues, the better-known Dow-Jones industrial average rose every day for a 27.51-point gain on the week to 909.56, only .07 points below its 1967 high. Since July 1, the Dow barometer has risen nearly 50 points, or 5.8%, erasing more than two-thirds of its 1966 decline.

Following the Blueprint. Much of the fuel for last week's advance came from the Government's report that the total U.S. output of goods and services increased \$3.9 billion (adjusted for price inflation) during the second quarter. The nation's economy thus grew at a true annual rate of 2½% over the last three months, a striking improvement over the troubled first quarter. Other economic indicators buttressed the new buoyant feeling. June housing starts crept up 0.3% from May's rate of 1.3 million units a year; new durable-goods orders in June stayed well above their depressed levels of early 1967.

Still, Washington economy watchers were in some disagreement as to how far and how fast the economy is likely to rise amid growing labor unrest and slightly rising unemployment, and with the nation's factories running at 84.7% of capacity, the lowest figure in three years. "The recovery is not going to be as prompt and vigorous as we thought,"

says a senior Federal Reserve Board economist. To the White House Council of Economic Advisers, the rebound looks "very satisfying—right on track." Taking a middling view, Treasury Under Secretary Joseph Barr said: "The economy is following our blueprint, but it is about two months behind where we thought it would be."

Not even President Johnson's renewed call last week for a 6½% surcharge on corporate and personal income taxes—which would further erode corporate profits—seemed to curb investors' appetite for industrial stocks. While some high-flying issues floundered—among them Xerox, Polaroid, Itek, Tel-edyne and Fairchild Camera—old favorites moved up nicely. General Motors gained \$5.25, to \$84.88, and Bethlehem Steel, Goodyear, Standard Oil of California, Chrysler, and General Electric also gained substantially. American Telephone & Telegraph rose 88¢ a share to \$53 after the company announced that it will fight a Federal Communications Commission finding that it is making too much money for a public utility. Long among the most depressed of the blue chips, A.T. & T. shares had suffered another \$2 billion in paper losses early this month after the FCC ruling, and even at week's end remained nearly a third, or \$11 billion, below their 1964 peak.

Some Disparities. The reviving fortunes of the blue chips reduced—but scarcely erased—this year's disparities among Wall Street yardsticks. The Dow-Jones industrial average, the oldest (71 years) and by far the most widely accepted gauge of stock performance, has lagged far behind every broader index. At week's end, the D.-J. industrial average had risen 16½% so far this year, but still remained well below its alltime high of 995.15 on Feb. 9, 1966. In reaching its new peak, the New York Stock Exchange index has gained 22½% this year. Standard & Poor's 500-stock index comes out be-

tween these two; it has risen 18½%, to \$94.04—within a whisker of its \$94.58 record set last May 8. Over-the-counter stocks, as measured by the National Quotation Bureau's industrial average, have jumped 42½% this year, and the American Stock Exchange's comprehensive index is up 52½%.

In dollars, the 30 Dow-Jones industrial stocks account for one-third of the total value of all 1,262 common issues listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Its relatively restrained rise has mirrored investors' doubts about the profit prospects of some of the D.-J. giants in currently or recently troubled fields: steel (U.S. and Bethlehem Steel), autos (General Motors and Chrysler), oils (Texaco, Standard of California and Jersey Standard), chemicals (Du Pont, Union Carbide and Allied Chemical) and, of course, A.T. & T., the world's largest corporation. Because all the Dow industrials have large numbers of shares outstanding, it takes substantial sums from investors to push their prices up more than a mite. Many Wall Street analysts thus took last week's recovery as a signal of renewed confidence by big institutional investors in basic industry. If the rally continues, its momentum could well give the whole economy a psychological lift.

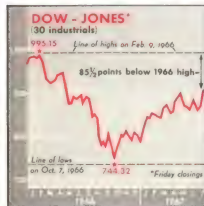
PROFITS

Mixture with a Minus Flavor

As major U.S. corporations reported their results for 1967's second quarter, the profits pudding turned out to be a mixture with a minus flavor.

Though sales were up in many cases, declines spread across a dozen major industries. B. F. Goodrich, crippled by a strike, had one of the worst reports; higher wages plus promotional fares burdened some of the airlines. Seabacks were common in rubber, steel, chemical, building materials, aluminum, railroads, and even electronics.

Some of the significant decreases in



profits as compared with the second quarter of 1966:

Goodrich	92%
Burde	65
Queens-Corning Fiberglass	50
Allis-Chalmers	44
Parke-Davis	41.5
Johns-Manville	41
Lukens Steel	40
TWA	36
De Pont	34
Phoenix Steel	31
Sperry Rand	31
Monsanto	30
Pullman	27
Eaton-Yale & Towne	27
Weyerhaeuser	24.5
American Cyanamid	24
RCA	21
International Paper	16
Westinghouse	14
Kaiser Aluminum	13
Chesapeake & Ohio-Baltimore & Ohio	10
American Airlines	5
Alcoa	4

There was, however, some leavening of good news, and it came in fields as diverse as banking, tobacco, computers, food, drugs, soap and cosmetics. Among the firms that reported gains over the second quarter of last year:

Dow Chemical	1%
Transamerica	2
General Foods	2.5
J. Reynolds	3.2
P. Lorillard	6
General Electric	6
Kellogg	7.5
Xerox	8
I.N.C.R.	9
Bank of America	10
IBM	13
Texttron	13
Bristol-Myers	13.6
Oliver Mathieson	14
Canada Dry	15
Colgate-Palmolive	16
Avon	18
Kaiser Steel	35

COMMODITIES

Shining Silver

On the world's commodity exchanges, silver for some years has been about as volatile and exciting as molasses. The U.S. Treasury, as the chief free-world supplier of the metal, has kept the market quiet by selling bullion at a low \$1.29 per oz. in order to keep the price below the point (about \$1.40 per oz.) at which melting U.S. coins for their silver content becomes profitable. Last week, after the Treasury yielded to the rising demand on its own dwindling stocks by lifting the price lid after four years of control, silver exploded as the shining new commodity.

Cautiously waiting until the weekend close of business, the Treasury announced that its dwindling stock of silver would no longer be available at the \$1.29 bargain price. Instead, the Government will sell for whatever the market will bear—and ration such sales to just 2,000,000 oz. a week rather than the generous 4,000,000 or so it had been letting go recently.

Enough Sandwiches. Only the timing of the Treasury's move caught traders by surprise. No one doubted that the U.S. would some day have to give up its effort to control the price of silver.

A series of crisis measures late in May, including a ban on exports and a limiting of Treasury sales to industrial users only, was a reminder that the Government's stock of silver—and therefore its ability to control the price—was coming to an end. Anticipating the inevitable, dealers began bidding up silver prices. And the Treasury, with enough new "sandwich" coins (made of layers of copper and nickel) around to prevent shortages should speculators be tempted to melt old-style 90% silver coins, decided to move sooner rather than later.

When the lid came off, silver soared. At Manhattan's Commodity Exchange, a usually listless arena that deals in metals and hides, shirt-sleeved brokers shouted spot silver up to \$1.775 per oz. on the first day. At midweek the price rose to \$1.87 during one frenzied session when a record 16.25 million oz. worth nearly \$30 million changed

40 million oz. mined and the 160 million oz. that will be used by industry this year. But the bulls, pointing out that Government stocks will be exhausted (except for a strategic reserve) next year though demand will continue to rise, look for silver to go as high as \$3 per oz. The bears, eyeing such untapped supplies as the two billion oz. contained in U.S. coins and some five billion oz. stashed in trinkets and religious objects in India, expect the market to settle around \$1.60 per oz.

U.S. consumers will feel the new prices. Estimates are that higher silver will cost industry \$80 million this year. Makers of photographic film, which takes one-fourth of the U.S. silver supply, will be hardest hit. Kodak last week announced that its black-and-white film prices will go up next month, though it promised the increase would not be "disturbing." This year's June brides may consider themselves lucky: most silverware makers will raise sterling prices by as much as 25%.

Even so, the Administration is not complaining about inflation. One reason is that, by selling its remaining silver on the newly ebullient market, the Government stands to make a handy \$30 million to \$50 million profit.



DISSOLVING BULLION FOR KODAK FILM
A pinch for consumers wherever it settles.

hands. At week's end the spot price closed at \$1.8315, 42% above the de-throned Treasury price. The silver fever spread to the London Metal Exchange, where brokers planned to operate for the first time a formal futures market in the new glamour metal.

Not all the speculation is on the exchanges. Acting for a group of well-heeled investors, Chicago Coin Dealer Leonard Stark has been advertising for \$10 million worth of old-style silver certificates at a 15% premium over their face value. Banking on the fact that the Treasury will continue to redeem them for 77 oz. of silver each until next June, Stark's group stands to make a handsome profit.

Lucky June Brides. No one really knows how high silver will go. Assistant Treasury Secretary Robert Wallace insists that there is little reason for a boom "from a supply and demand standpoint," since Government sales should cover the difference between the

AIRLINES

Hot Tickets

To the discomfort of airlines struggling with summertime hordes of travelers, some jet-age gyps have discovered that they can literally write their own tickets. The tickets, stolen from travel agencies, have turned up over the past few months in Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Las Vegas and other U.S. cities, as well as London and Madrid. Trans World Airlines, for one, has been fleeced of nearly \$100,000. Police report that the cost of the write-your-own-ticket racket may come to \$4,000,000 or more in last airline revenues.

Key to the caper is the fact that travel agencies, weary of handling different tickets for some 40 U.S. airlines, in 1965 began using a single form that can be filled out for any flight on any carrier. Crooks liked the idea too—and heisted 5,000 blanks last winter from three agencies in New York and California. The hot tickets are complete with forged agency stamps and authentic airline forms ("ORD" for Chicago's O'Hare Airport, "FCO" for Rome's Fiumicino Airport). One turned up for an around-the-world trip valued at \$1,700.

Fare Games. The ticket takers bank on the average American's ready belief that just about anything can be got wholesale (airline tickets cannot). Often the crooks pass the word around that they are part-time "travel consultants" authorized to sell "discount" tickets at 10% to 40% under regular fares. One Los Angeles con man had been making the rounds of airport bars and restaurants, offering to sacrifice his commission and sell tickets cheap so that

he could "build up a large sales report." Another imaginative fellow liked to tell prospects he was in the all-expenses-paid type of "prize business"—and would be glad to use his connections to get cut-rate tickets. Los Angeles police recently nabbed a half-dozen such characters.

Hoping to stop the phonies at the reservations counters, the airlines are offering clerks a \$25 reward for each ticket they spot against a list of the stolen blanks' serial numbers—which is the only way they can be positively detected. Meanwhile the lines are spreading the word that the discount tickets are no bargain. Passengers caught with them can be arrested for using stolen property, though unwitting travelers get off easily. Last month TWA investigators caught up with two young girls who had made it to Madrid on bogus tickets they had bought in Los Angeles. Convinced that the two were merely innocents abroad, TWA did not press charges—but the girls had to furnish the full fare for the plane ride home.

TRANSPORTATION

Unloading the Express

Since the end of World War II, the Railway Express Agency and its rumbling green trucks have been rolling toward a dead end. Jointly owned by 58 railroads, the sprawling company has been plagued by inefficiency and red tape. The main reason: its ties to railroads impose on it the same nightmarish maze of regulations that the Interstate Commerce Commission applies to RFA's parents. Without special ICC permission, RFA cannot haul goods from city to city by truck; instead it must put the goods on a train—no matter how bad the connection—and arrange pickup and delivery at the other end. Last week its railroad owners at last gave up, and offered to sell the operation to the highest bidder.

Seven Become One. Efforts have frequently been made to vitalize the 128-year-old American institution whose roots go back to the stagecoach. In its present form, RFA's history dates to 1917 when, to speed up transportation

to the World War I effort, the Government forced the seven major express companies to merge. In 1929 the transportation assets of the amalgam were purchased by the railroads and designated Railway Express Agency. After World War II, the combination began to fail, and in 1959 there was even talk of nationalizing it. Giving in to pressure from Washington, the railroads in 1961 changed Railway Express from a cooperative to a profit-and-loss company. Though still railroad-owned, it was granted a more liberal routing and pricing structure. To shed the railroad image and to give more emphasis to the best performing division, Air Express, its trade name was changed to RFA express.

All this helped—but not enough. On sales of \$450 million, RFA this year is expected to show a loss of \$6,000,000—partly because of a spate of wage increases, and partly as a result of decreasing volume. RFA now carries only 2% of its traditional specialty, small shipment haulage, while faster, more efficient truckers have cornered virtually all the market. What's more, it is now meeting competition from the Post Office Department's Parcel Post, once forbidden to carry parcels heavier than 20 lbs., but under new regulations moving into heavier goods.

Property for Sale. Thus it is not surprising that the railroads want to unload. The market for buyers seems to be limited to interests outside the transportation field; a recent bid by Greyhound for a 20% share of RFA was knocked down in the courts. The buyer will get 14,000 pieces of automotive

equipment, 11,000 trailers, and 7,000 terminals in 50 states. With a new, more flexible approach to the use of those assets, and without the stringent regulations that guide it as a rail holding RFA might very well be an interesting property.

AUTOS

A Tear for the Convertible

In the beginning, all cars were roofless carriages that exposed their hardy riders to billowing dust, scorching sunshine and drenching rain. Soon pioneers of the automobile spread a canvas canopy over their heads, and the convertible was born. The Peerless Motor Car Corp. of Cleveland introduced its Cape Folding Top in 1905: the "California top"—a removable steel roof with glazed windows—came along in the '20s to decorate the touring car. For the young at heart, whizzing down a highway in an open convertible became the epitome of driving fun. Plymouth made a big hit with prewar youth by bringing out a pushbutton automatic top in 1939.

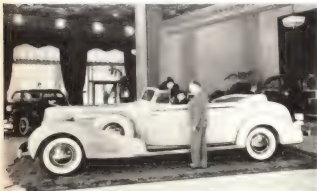
Today, the convertible is on the wane. Thunderbird and Cadillac Eldorado convertibles were quietly dropped last fall for lack of buyer interest. American Motors is dropping them next year from its Rambler and Ambassador lines, and Ford is ending its Lincoln Continental convertible line. In 1963, convertibles accounted for 6.6% of all new cars sold. For 1966, less than 5% were convertibles.

The safety consciousness that has swept the nation is partly the cause; with or without seat belts, no one likes the thought of turning over in a soft-top car. Another complaint comes from the girls—and some of the boys as well—who cannot stand having their hair mussed by a buffeting wind.

But the dealers say the convertible's decline is largely caused by a blast of cold air. Air conditioning is the big extra in demand these days. Instead of going for a convertible, a buyer chooses a sporty job—maybe a hard-top with vinyl covering—installs air conditioning, and figures that's real cool.



PEERLESS MODEL 12 (1905)



CADILLAC-FLEETWOOD V-16 (1936)



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL (1967)

Cooler on the inside.



CHARLES WALGREEN JR. IN CHICAGO STORE
Go below is the Golden Rule.

CORPORATIONS

From Myrtle & Maltes

Myrtle Walgreen was a farm-bred girl whose face had never known the tint of man-made coloring. One day in the early 1900s her pharmacist husband brought home some lipstick and rouge, dabbed a little on her, then urged her to show the new face in public. In Myrtle's ruby lips, Charles R. Walgreen saw rosy profits. Sure enough, neighboring wives rushed to his drugstore on Chicago's South Side, where they found not only Walgreen-produced pharmaceuticals and cosmetics, but hot meals cooked to Myrtle's recipes. As business boomed, Charlie continued to innovate. One of his best known products emerged in 1921, when a soda jerk invented the malted milk shake.

From such simple beginnings, the prototype American drugstore grew. Today, the Walgreen empire has 523 wholly owned outlets, plus a franchise network of 1,900 independents licensed to use the Walgreen name and sell its products. Store managers get rigid directions on everything from sexy magazines and paperbacks they cannot sell to what products they should push. The Golden Rule for all Walgreen store managers is: go below, never above, the recommended price.

It has proved a profitable formula. Sales have doubled in a decade, and this year the company is certain to go past the \$500 million mark. Earnings advanced by a highly impressive 24.7% during the first half. Walgreen stock has risen correspondingly, from a 1966-67 low of 34 1/2 to 60 1/2.

After Charles Sr. Responsible for this showing are Charles Jr., 61, now chairman (the founder died in 1939), and Alvin A. Borg, 63, who is president. They have made the stores largely self-service and have constructed

some Super Centers with as much as 30,000 sq. ft. of selling space.

Now Walgreen's is moving in other directions. In 1946, it purchased Sanborn's in Mexico City, a restaurant and gift shop combination. Closer to home, the company took over Houston's Globe department stores, now has six of the city's well-known Danburg junior department stores as well, plus nine other outlets in the Southwest.

All the while, Walgreen's aims to maintain low prices made possible by tightly integrated operations. The drug and cosmetic factory in Chicago stocks the chain's shelves with Perfection cold cream, Oris mouthwash, and Olafson vitamin tablets and capsules, of which the company makes 290 million annually. Eight ice cream plants churn out 3.2 million gallons of 21 flavors each year, while its roasting and blending plant produces enough coffee to fill 50 million cups. Watching over all this is a computerized inventory system.

Walgreen's management has not neglected the human factor. Offering to pay the last three years of a five-year pharmacy course, it has sent over a thousand employees through school in 22 years, and currently 140 are in the program. The company can use them. Last year Walgreen's filled more than 15 million prescriptions, expects to approach the 20 million mark by year's end.

RETAILING

Luxuries Going West

A famous old name will appear over a San Francisco shop window next fall. On display will be such elegant curiosities as a measuring tape encased in black baby-alligator skin, a champagne-colored leather-lined ostrich handbag, and a wine-colored pheasant-leather necktie. Inside the store, the rich smell of groomed leather will signal devotees of Mark Cross that their favorite New York specialty store has broken out of Manhattan and spread its wares before customers far from Fifth Avenue.

Twenty thousand different luxury items—including 2,400 kinds of wallets—have helped push Mark Cross's sales to an annual rate of \$3,000,000. Profits rose 25% in both 1965 and 1966. In the first six months of 1967, the Fifth Avenue shop remained well ahead of other retailers, increasing earnings 20% over last year. George Wasserberger, 38, one of four U.S. entrepreneurs who took over 122-year-old Mark Cross in 1962, attributes its success to uncompromising quality. "We have never sacrificed lasting fashion forfad," he says. His philosophy is expressed in a recent Mark Cross ad: "It's a throwaway society, man. Break it. Chuck it. Replace it. Do you believe that? Mark Cross is not for you."

Exclusive with Cross. Today, close to 90% of the merchandise sold in the store is made exclusively for Mark Cross, with four full-time agents in Europe searching out items that the store

might contract out to small factories to produce. The items include luggage of all sizes, handbags, gloves, belts, jackets, jewel boxes, key cases, credential cases, photo albums, loose-leaf books for all purposes, and leather-trimmed gifts for all occasions.

Mark Cross looks back to modest beginnings, when an Irish saddler, Henry W. Cross, and his son Mark opened their shop on Boston's Summer Street to sell harnesses and saddles. It later became an exclusive outlet for fine English leather goods, moved to Manhattan to cater to the well-to-do. Though leather has always been the main line, over the years Mark Cross introduced to New York such novelties from the Old World as the Thermos bottle and, during World War I, the wristwatch, which it was first to sell in the U.S.

The store now carries 127 items priced at less than \$10. "And if someone calls up from a hotel to say his suitcase won't lock, we treat it as an emergency," says Wasserberger. "He gets immediate help, no matter how small a customer he is."

Nonetheless, the store's blazer-clad salesmen are glad to see customers like Richard and Liz Burton, who ordered 70 pieces of matched luggage for themselves and a maid not so long ago. Or the woman who came in to browse among 60 different kinds of alligator handbags and picked a black Javanese one for \$1,201. Months ago, the management concluded that it was time to lay such baubles before the affluent outside New York. The San Francisco store, scheduled to open in November, is just the first. "We are looking West, but that's not the end," says Wasserberger. "We won't relax until we have seven branches." Boston, London and Paris are high on the priority list.



WASSERBERGER
Nothing for throwaways.

WORLD BUSINESS

NEW ZEALAND

Wool & Welfare

The most complete welfare state in the more or less capitalistic world is having economic trouble. Protest marchers with banners ("We Demand Guaranteed Employment") were out demonstrating in cities and towns throughout New Zealand last week. So far, only some 6,600 people (out of a labor base of 1,000,000) are looking for work, but to New Zealanders, who had known no unemployment for decades, this was a matter for deep concern. Union leaders darkly predicted that there would be 20,000 jobless before long.

The artificially high wool price that New Zealand maintains with its vast government price-support scheme is mostly to blame for the country's present plight. Last season the government wool commission, which protects domestic sheepmen, had to buy and store 650,000 bales, a third of the total output, at 47¢ per lb.—8¢ higher than the average open-market price for Argentine wool. Buyers from abroad were unwilling to pay the New Zealand price, which they considered outrageous.

Prime Minister Keith J. Holyoake's Cabinet decided on drastic measures to recoup some of the loss. These include ending state subsidies on such staples as bread and butter, longtime features of New Zealand's elaborate welfare system. Taxes on gasoline, tobacco and liquor have gone up. The nation's imports and bank loans have been curtailed, and down payments for installment buying increased.

Economists do not like to contemplate the future of the welfare benefit system without full employment. Even without increased unemployment benefits the social security fund does not balance, and must be subsidized from other taxation. As it is, the government takes a whopping 71% from everybody's pay packet to finance the welfare state; as the number of unemployed rises, there will be correspondingly fewer to contribute—and therefore higher charges for everyone else.

No one in Parliament dared to call for the welfare state's demise, for such a proposal would be political suicide in New Zealand. But something had to be done to get wool sales going again. So, after weeks of deliberation, the wool commission decided to lower its protective floor price 8¢, to a more realistic 39¢ per lb., for the coming year. It hopes that with a bit of luck, the state will have to buy little of the next crop.

Meanwhile, to their annoyance, New Zealanders were being reminded of George Bernard Shaw's comment when he paid the island a visit 30 years ago: "Altogether too many sheep."

FRANCE

Maiden Flight

The passenger on the turboprop wheeling out to the runway at Paris' Orly Airport could hardly believe his eyes. As the cockpit door briefly opened, he had got a glimpse of the crew up front. There beside the pilot sat a good-looking blonde. It was Jacqueline Dubut's debut as France's first lady pilot on a scheduled airline.

Even before the flight—a 215-mile hop to Nantes—27-year-old Jacqueline was on her way to becoming a flying folk heroine. French newspapers end-

asked many Frenchmen, accustomed to zipping along France's long, poplar-lined roads at Citroën speed—80 m.p.h. and upward. Air Inter soon proved why. Cramming passengers into mini-bucket seats, and serving only 1½ Figaro and fruit juice in flight, the line carried 16,000 passengers in its first year, passed 500,000 in 1964, reached 1,170,000 last year. It started with a handful of chartered planes and a staff of ten, now has 23 aircraft of its own, including five jet Caravelles, and 1,370 employees.

Air Inter will give up its modest \$800,000 annual subsidy at year's end—but not its Gallic formula for a large



AVIATRIX DUBUT & AIR INTER TWIN-ENGINE NORD 262
Well in orbit before the takeoff.

lessly told how the pretty pioneer, charmed by the tales of Aviator-Author Antoine de St. Exupéry, worked in a factory as a teen-ager to pay for glider lessons, later finished at the top of the class in her pilot's exams—only to be turned down by Air France because long flights would be "too tough" for a woman. If a woman at the controls seemed odd to Air France, it did not to Air Inter, the fast-growing outfit that hired Jacqueline last May, and had her well up in a public-relations orbit before her first flight.

Le Figaro & Fruit Juice. As a government-owned counterpart of huge, foreign-flying Air France, Air Inter began operating in 1960 as France's first and only domestic airline. "Why bother?"

income: outrageously high fares. Officially, the line excuses them on the ground that high fuel costs help run operating expenses 30% above those of similar, U.S. airlines. Privately, one Air Inter staffer frankly admits that "80% of our passengers are businessmen. They don't care what the fare is—it's the company that pays."

If customers find that a pretty pilot makes those stiff fares easier to swallow, Air Inter presumably will not mind. But Rear Admiral Paul Hebrard, a retired naval aviator who is Air Inter's chairman, insists that Mlle. Dubut is aboard only because the airline has now outgrown its supply of males. "Her record was faultless. There was no reason not to hire her," he says. Not content to leave well enough alone, the admiral makes the ridiculous claim: "She must also be considered not as a girl, but as a boy."

* There are fewer than half a dozen others flying for scheduled airlines elsewhere in the world, none in the U.S.

CINEMA

War Games

Having scraped the bottom of the barrel, the makers of spy films are now scraping the sides, the top and even the outside in a frantic search for new stories. The spoofs are endless permutations of the number 007: the serious efforts are apt to be repetitions of Hollywood war games originally played in the 1940s.

The Naked Runner. In *Von Ryan's Express*, he played the Army's most fearless fighter. In *Suddenly*, he was a potential presidential assassin. In *The Manchurian Candidate*, he was the friend of a brainwashed veteran turned into a killer by the Chinese Reds. *The Naked Runner* shows Frank Sinatra trying to combine fractions of all those past film roles in a spy movie that just doesn't add up.

An expatriate American furniture designer, Sinatra finds himself part of a blueprint for murder. The plan is drawn by British intelligence, which somehow cannot find a single soul on its staff to eliminate a defecting spy in East Germany. Recalling that the furniture man was a sharpshooter back in World War II, the British decide to turn him back into a trigger man, with the boys in London calling the shots. He refuses, so they rig up a series of schemes, including the kidnaping of his son, to break down his resistance. When Sinatra is told that his son has been killed he finally goes to Leipzig to carry out the assignment—and then learns that, all along, he has been the biggest marionette in a puppet play.

The story is full of opportunities for drama, but the audience has only the script's word that *The Naked Runner* is a suspense film. Other than swiveling a pair of nervous terret eyes, Sinatra



SINATRA IN "RUNNER"

It's the enemy within who does everybody in.

shows no hint of emotion. Around him are a cast of inept unknowns, many of whom seem to believe that such dialogue as "Get dressed, we are going for a drive," is German for sinister. Director Sidney Furie confuses tension and pretension, hokes up the story with odd-angle camera shots—of a man bicycling alone across a huge airstrip, a confrontation with the enemy in an echoing, empty marble mansion. To no avail. As in many another amateurish spy film, Sinatra and company have forgotten to look for the enemy within—a soggy scenario that gumbled up the caper from the start.

Triple Cross. During World War II a British convict named Eddie Chapman was imprisoned on the Isle of Jersey. When the Germans overrun the place, according to this semi-documentary, he convinces the commandant that he will sell out for a price. Thereafter, says this new film, he shuttles back and forth across the English Channel getting high Marks from the Germans and a mound of Pounds from the British. Neither side trusts him completely—with good reason. He is not a single or a double agent, but a triple one, in business for himself. Still, in the end, he does aid Britain by giving Germans false information, thus misguiding V-2 rockets and saving thousands of lives.

The real Chapman was saluted by both sides during the war. The Nazis gave him the Iron Cross, the English granted him a full pardon. The movies, however, have not. In *Triple Cross* he has been doublecrossed with an overblown, underdeveloped film in which he is misplayed to disadvantage by Christopher Plummer. Surrounding Plummer is a competent cast, including Yul Brynner, Romy Schneider, Claudine Auger and Geri Frobe. But the whole enterprise seems to suggest that a spy does not necessarily improve the more times he crosses his employers. A triple agent can be three times duller than a single one.



PLUMMER & AUGER IN "CROSS"



WAYNE & MITCHUM IN "EL DORADO"

Fist come, fist served.

The Leather Boys

El Dorado. The heavyweight crown in boxing may be up for grabs, but in the movies it is still firmly planted on the balding head of John Wayne. In *El Dorado*, though his hope may be a bit arthritic, the Duke still greets the opposition on a fist-come, fist-served basis, and the wrongo who tries to outdraw him still winds up feeling kind of shot.

Wayne this time plays an indestructible loner hired by a greedy cattle baron to gun down the drunken but law-abiding sheriff of El Dorado, Texas. When the Duke discovers that the intended victim is actually his tough old sidekick (Robert Mitchum), he and his horse head for the hills, and for a series of picturesque encounters with some memorable bit players, including a snake-eyed reptile of a gunslinger (Edward Asner) and a garrulous old Injun fighter (Arthur Hunnicutt). The cattleman hires the gunman to knock off Mitchum, and Wayne comes roaring back to town to help the good guys. From then on, the film becomes one gun play after another as the stars combine to free the town of varmints.

As the liquor-laden lawman, Mitchum is a perfect foil for Wayne, although only the lopsided length of their roles keeps Arthur Hunnicutt, one of the best character actors in Hollywood, from stealing the film. In a script full of raucous frontier humor, the most amusing scene slyly comments on the state of the western today. At the fade-out, Wayne has been pinked in the knee, Mitchum in the thigh. With crutches as swagger sticks, they limp triumphantly past the camera—two old pros demonstrating that they are better on one good leg apiece than most of the younger stars on two.



The day the Hot Line got hot.

During the Arab-Israeli war, U.S. carrier-based planes scrambled over the Mediterranean.

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BOOKS

Madness & Art

NABOKOV: HIS LIFE IN ART by Andrew Field. 397 pages. Little, Brown. \$8.95.

Vladimir Nabokov once remarked that the ideal reader for his books would be someone like himself, "a little Nabokov." There may never be one, for it would be hard to match him even in junior size. Besides being a scholar, critic, translator, chess player, lepidopterist and eccentric, he is one of those relatively rare writers who in the midst of their career have been able to alter the language of their craft. Above all, he is a unique artificer in the arid world of contemporary fiction.

At a time when so many novelists are merely tinkering with far-out techniques or grinding out hunks of undigested raw material, Nabokov is an artist who fastidiously constructs intricate plots and dazzling verbal mosaics. He creates books without precedent in form (*Pale Fire*) or treatment (*Lolita*). He can also be a clever ice skater, stylishly tracing or following someone else's figures—the Conradian *Laughter in the Dark*, for example, or the Kafkaesque *Invitation to a Beheading*.

Nabokov's achievements fully merit a major critical study. Andrew Field, a New Jersey-born critic now teaching Russian literature at the University of Queensland in Australia, microscopically analyzes all 15 Nabokov novels and the major short stories and poems, and traces Nabokov's abiding themes—love, death, exile and memory—through his Russian and American books.

Novel of Prisons. As an exile in Germany from the Russian Revolution, Nabokov commanded a relatively tiny public in émigré circles. When he went to America before World War II, he painstakingly learned every nuance of English and translated his works back and forth in an effort to find a wider audience. He achieved notoriety before legitimate fame in 1958 with *Lolita*, and Field argues that the book, in which 42-year-old Humbert Humbert lusts for a child of twelve, would not have shocked nearly so much if readers had understood Nabokov's deeper preoccupations.

Lolita, says Field, "is a novel of prisons." The idea for it came to Nabokov from a Paris newspaper account of a monkey who, "after months of coaxing by a scientist, produced the first drawing ever charcoaled by an animal: this sketch showed the bars of the poor creature's cage." Humbert Humbert is a

prisoner of lust. He imprisons first Lolita, then his deadly rival Quilty. Later he writes his memoirs from prison. For Nabokov, the book's theme is love—and the necessity to liberate love from "its extreme and seemingly mutually exclusive opposite, lechery." Eventually Humbert Humbert is able to face the darkest images of death and debauchery in his past, and learns the definition of love from Lolita's warm and undemanding successor, Rita. (Few readers even remember that Lolita had a successor.)

Dotty Commentary. Nabokov's twin loves, says Field, are art and words. There are artists in virtually all his



NABOKOV IN MONTREUX'S PALACE HOTEL
Between a muse and a mania.

books, usually failed or mad artists. More often his heroes are demented chess players, professors, homosexuals, murderers. Writes Field: "Madness and art are always in each other's presence in Nabokov's prose," because the demands of art and life are incompatible.

This theme runs through all his work but achieves its greatest expression in *Pale Fire*. The novel has two parts: a morbid autobiographical poem written by John Shade, and a dotty commentary by an admirer, Charles Kinbote. But is that really all there is to it? No, argues Field, who suggests that not only the poem but the commentary are Shade's work: he has absorbed Kinbote's theories and has fashioned the commentary as an extravagant coda to his own poem. This kind of argument about a possible fiction within a fiction—essentially, the was-Hamlet-really-

mad type of argument—may seem academic to all but Nabokov's most devoted readers. But it testifies to the extraordinary reality that Nabokov imports to his artificial world.

Dappled Nouns. If art is Nabokov's muse, words are his mania: puns, anagrams (he has pointed out with glee that T. S. Eliot is almost "toilets" spelled backward), "word golf" (get from "live" to "dead" in five steps?), bilingual and trilingual *double-entendres*. More seriously, words of any language are vital possessions:

*Beyond the seas where I have
lost a sceptre
I hear the neighing of my
dappled nouns.
soft particles coming down the
steps,
treading on leaves, trailing
their rustling gowns . . .
My back is Argus-eyed, I live in
danger.
False shadows turn to track me
as I pass
and, wearing beads, disguised
as secret agents,
creep in to blot the freshly written
page
and read the blotter in the
looking-glass.*

The poem, written in 1945, is a metaphor of Nabokov's career. It evokes the lost kingdom from which he was banished, the beloved words that can restore it, the mysterious agent of imagination that holds up the new material of life to the looking glass of art.

In his first book, Andrew Field, 29, is himself a talented secret agent, tracking patiently through Nabokov's dreams and disguises, his ruses and games. His knowledge of Nabokoviana is awesome. Unfortunately, he is so awed by the master that he plays down his flaws and goes to ingenious extremes to explain away Nabokov's limited emotional resources or the coldness that occasionally turns high comedy into desolating farce. More important, he seems to lack breadth: it would have been good for the reader to find some comparison of Nabokov with such a contemporary as Isaac Babel, another great Russian who stayed home to his grief, or with such predecessors as Tolstoy and Henry James. Within these limitations, the book offers clear thinking and uncluttered prose: it is a fitting guide to the most complex, demanding and fertile novelist now writing.

Studies in Statecraft

TO MOVE A NATION by Roger Hillsman. 602 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

Roger Hillsman, one of Merrill's Marauders in Burma in World War II and now, at 45, a professor of government at Columbia University, was one of John Kennedy's academic activists. From 1961 to 1963, he directed the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research; from early 1963

Live-line-fene-fend-fend-fend.

until soon after the assassination, he was Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, then resigned under pressure because of his anti-Administration stand on Viet Nam. This book is Hilsman's contribution to the growing library of the Kennedy era. Cast in the form of studies in statecraft, it attempts—sometimes too ambitiously—to be at once an exploration of political process, a history and a memoir.

The author argues that more assertiveness and authority are needed in the State Department. Dean Rusk takes his lumps as a "superb counselor [who] could not bring himself to be an advocate." Hilsman's criticism is less than convincing, since it is based on his personal conviction that the Secretary of State should be a public fighter for policies of his own making, rather than merely the principal foreign policy adviser to the President—and claims that Kennedy wanted Rusk to function that way. In fact, most strong U.S. Presidents have always, and with good reason, preferred the Rusk to the Hilsman view of the Secretary's function.

Battle by Leak. Some of Hilsman's criticisms of the policymaking process are illuminating, such as his discussion of leaks, the "first and most blatant signs of battle" within the Government. He recounts how the crucial struggle over the 1957 Gaither Report on civil defense turned on whether to print 200 secret copies of the report or only two. Proponents of the report figured that if President Eisenhower rejected the findings, one of the 200 "secret" copies would surely be leaked to the press, carrying the battle to the public. They were correct: the larger printing was made, the President did not accept the report, and within days the Washington Post had published the gist of it.

Too often the author's theory is lost in jargon or banality: "In a political process, finally, the relative power of the different groups involved is as relevant to the final decision as the appeal of the goals they seek or the cogency and wisdom of their arguments." In history and memoir, which fortunately occupy the bulk of the book, Hilsman is pungent and direct in his appraisal of men and events. Defense Secretary McNamara is described as "almost totally lacking in self-doubt," former CIA Director John McCone as a man with "a rough and ready sense of decency" that redeems his "streak of the alley fighter."

The Trollope Play. As "case studies," the author retells seven of Kennedy's major foreign policy crises, from the Cuban missile confrontation to Viet Nam. There are no monumental disclosures, but a great many small touches based on firsthand observation. Hilsman describes how Bobby Kennedy devised the "Trollope play" in the touchiest moments of the missile crisis. It was named after "the recurrent scene in Anthony Trollope's novels in which the girl interprets a squeeze of her hand as a proposal of marriage." When Moscow

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seemed to be stalling about pulling the missiles out of Cuba, the White House decided to force Khrushchev's hand by publicly accepting an offer of a settlement that he had made only tentatively and in secret. Next day he announced that his missiles would be removed.

In a long analysis of Viet Nam policy, Hilsman asserts that soon after Johnson became President, he foresaw L.B.J. escalating the war in a way he could not support. His dissent turns on whether guerrilla warfare should be treated "as fundamentally a political problem or fundamentally a war." To Hilsman, it is a political problem, which the U.S. buildup and the bombing of North and South have exacerbated rather than helped to solve. Though he admits that no one can be sure, he argues that Kennedy shared this view and would not have raised the military stakes as high as they are today.

To invoke Kennedy's hypothetical actions is a questionable tactic; there is also much evidence that, however reluctantly, he would have been forced by events into much the same decisions as Johnson. As to whether guerrilla war is "fundamentally" a political or military problem, the only answer is that it is both. The U.S. has never done so well on the political side as, ideally, it should have. But Hilsman seems to overestimate just how much could have been accomplished in the circumstances by political means alone, against a determined opponent who from the start used both military and political weapons in complete conjunction.

Short Notices

THE TICKET THAT EXPLODED by William S. Burroughs. 217 pages. Grove Press \$5.

The works of William Burroughs (*Naked Lunch*, *Nova Express*) have been taken seriously, even solemnly, by some literary types, including Mary McCarthy and Norman Mailer. Actually, Bur-

ROBERT J. MURPHY

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roughs' work adds up to the world's plus-perfect put-on. The publisher's blurb on the dust jacket attempts to legitimize his latest effusion thus: "Through winds of time, in strange beds, past silent obsidian temples, William Burroughs once again shuttles us back and forth between lunar worlds and the wired electric maze of the city. He presents us with a universe threatened with complete control of communications by the Nova Mob."

This reference to a vaguely defined crew of galactic pirates makes the book sound entertaining—a sort of avant-garde James Bond adventure. It is nothing of the kind. *The Ticket That Exploded*, revised since it was first published in France five years ago, is a nightmare of pornography, disjointed prose, spaceships powered by copulation, frog people, hangings, and "Sex Skins," which devour people in what apparently is the ultimate ecstasy of death.

The result must be wholly pleasing to an author who is currently working on a book written in a new "art form" wherein pages of prose by two different writers are split down the middle, pasted together, and their sentences merged to form one great non-story. In *Ticket* he has simply experimented by splicing tapes from two or three recorders. "Any number can play," he says. "Why stop there? Why stop anywhere?" Why?

BLASTING AND BOMBARDIERING by Wyndham Lewis. 343 pages. University of California. \$7.50.

He reminded Edith Sitwell of "certain brave men at the very moment of their rescue after six months spent among the polar wastes and the blubber." To Hemingway, he had "the eyes of an unsuccessful rapist." The object of these calumnies was Wyndham Lewis (1884-1957), British critic, novelist, painter, polemicist, gadfly and editor of the short-lived and incendiary artistic magazine, *Blart*. This partial autobiography, written in 1937 and now reissued, proves that Lewis could give as good as he got. His book bristles on almost every page with his endless resources for insult. Ezra Pound, after a first impression, was "a cowboy songster"; T. S. Eliot was "a Prufrock who would 'dare' all right 'to eat a peach'—provided he was quite sure that he possessed the correct European table-technique for that ticklish operation."

Lewis scarcely nods toward the more prosaic functions of autobiography. He comes onstage at 30, blithely, without mention of past or parents or education. Much of the book is devoted to his encounters with writers, government

Example: "The Orchid Girl fades into memory picture on outhouse skin forgotten Green Toms the last invisible shadow—Call the Old Doctor twice on last errand" caught in the door of Paine, Mr. & Mrs. D.—last round over—a street boy's morning sky—flesh tape ebbing from centuries. Remember I was more played you a long last goodnight."

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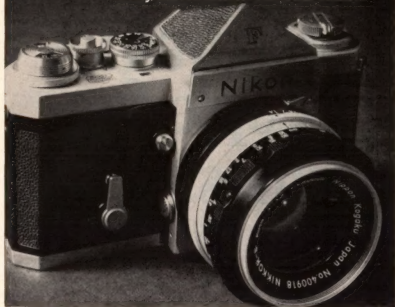
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WYNDHAM LEWIS (1938)
Endless resources for insult.

figures, Mayfair snobs and rich art patronesses. There are adequate but curiously distant sections on World War I and its aftermath. But it was the war of words, in which he could choose the issues and the weapons, that Lewis relished most. So will his readers.

INISH by Bernard Share. 148 pages. Knopf. \$3.95.

It is a perfect early insular evening. In my garden which enjoys quiet seclusion there is a magnificent display of choice hysterias, glowing hydrants. From the kitchen and pantry comes the evocative aroma of curmudgeon cooked in its own juice with a leaf of spandrel and a pinch of rime.

The sentences might come from one of Joyce's notebooks for *Finnegans Wake*. He felt that words, not dreams, were the royal road to the unconscious, and Bernard Share, a 37-year-old Dubliner, shares the master's obsessions with them. *Inish* (Gaelic for "island" or "tell") consists mainly of a couple of dozen phrases and sentences as they are endlessly reworked in the heads of three frustrated men: Allen, Ecks and Jacet.

Much of the book takes place in Shenanigan's Lounge Bar, where the three men sit around after work, drinking and listening to passages from the book of pornography that Jacet is writing in his spare time. He has at home a "nicer wife, nicer children and nicer au pair girl." It is the au pair girl (later Nicer O'Pair) who, like Earwicker's sleeping daughter in *Finnegans Wake*, stirs the men's fantasies of commingled lust and guilt. At other times they worry about work, dream about traveling; sometimes timetables rip like trains through Ecks's brain.

Author Share has set himself a virtuosic task, but he is no Joyce. He occasionally gives evidence that he writes well enough to go straight, and it would be nicer to have a novel of his that is less obtusely experimental.

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